Dylan≠Misa

30 day journal in 18 days

Pre-Day One
I peruse the assignment and respond to what comes up and am cheating a bit. I did blue first, but realize, a part of the school game is to play by the rules so I will cut and paste blue to where it occurs in this flow in order to organize my creative process in a way that fits with this teaching box. I react authentically and just accept this. Also, I like challenges, so I add things as my own "extra credit" not expecting points, but for my own process. This enables me to tolerate the box of learning. I am what I am, a rebel, questioning, and I realize this may very well be due to the extreme set of life circumstances growing up that caused me to have an explosive reaction and respond creatively. I think, given this, two things have occurred, I basically don't trust people, teachers included, and I simply don't have the capacity to learn in a linear way doing exactly as the teacher says. So here goes, I am popping blue which was written on the first day to the appropriate box to make this easier for my teacher.

I add to the creativity challenge:
I will record a song a day as a reaction to the chant prompt. This will be for my "I am my grandfathers' granddaughter" project honoring my Hawaiian lineage as well as my Yugoslavian lineage where the gift of song has come through. Especially the Hawaiian.
I will shoot a photo of my tea a day, while I am here, and this was inspired by the bleakness of the day. This will be my tea meditation.
I will start each day with mindfulness meditation, and then a pastel drawing meditation
For the first five days, and then I will let these extra tasks evolve.

What did you learn? How did this particular exercise affect you?
I am late starting, and gave myself permission to do the exercise my body was asking for, and in that I missed the morning sky, I randomly chose an option that popped and substituted a different photography task, the tea, the constant comfort. I learned that creativity is my place of the deepest comfort. It is where I go when the most difficult of circumstances consume me.

DAY TWO

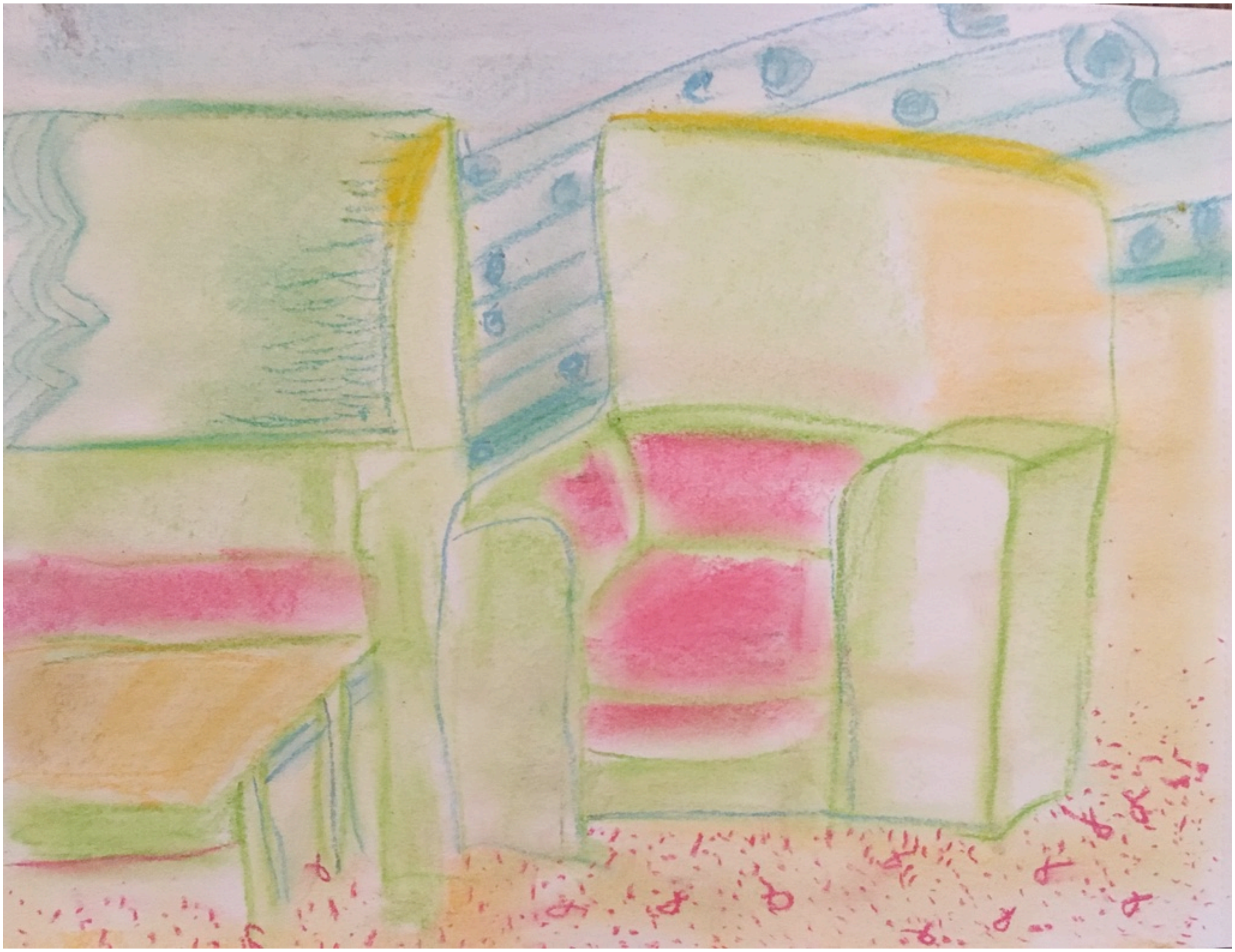
Morning Sky One

Morning sky, I feel the cool under my bare feet, I choose to capture at the moment I awake. I drink in the freshness of the grey morning. The blue is above, I know, as is the sun, and I find myself smiling.

Sky Haiku
Uninteresting
Is okay now and again
Ugly or pretty?

Not
It just is what it is

DYLAN SELF-CHALLENGE
Morning Pastel Meditation One



Couches side by side
Touching yet far far apart
Love is a strong glue

Afternoon Tea Meditation Two

MADE FROM PAPER AND
100% COMPOSTABLE

Tea Haiku
Late afternoon tea
A toast to great mystery
Warm companion taste

How did this impact me? It rooted me. It rooted me into the source of creativity.

DAY THREE

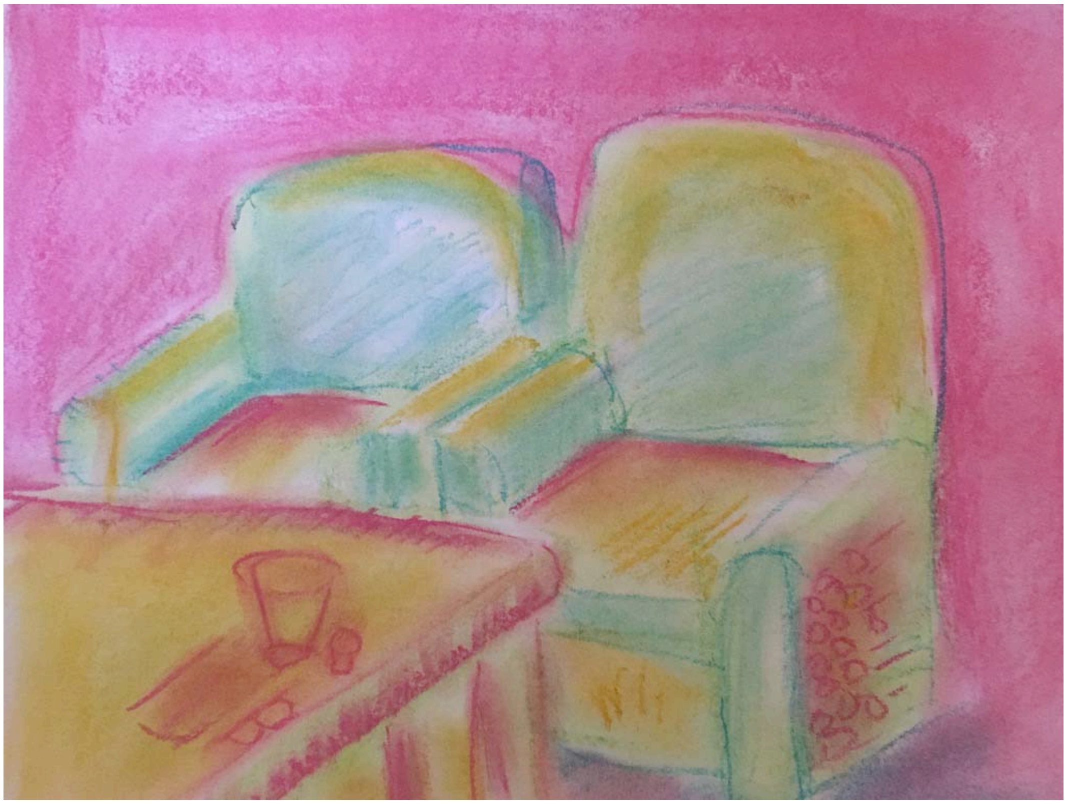
Morning Sky Two

I am up a mere 30 minutes later, and shoot from roughly the same angle, it is grey again, and my thought is, how uninteresting, why do I rush inside so? Why do I not take more time to enjoy the morning sky? At home, I spend as much as two hours simply sitting, some days. I feel the hunger to draw, and ground into the health rituals, just one more meditation, to fill myself in my body, which means, awash in grief. Last night was one night to the night that my sister passed in San Diego, far away from family, but family coming to her. I am not understanding the emotional pain, I listen to one voice mail I have from her, and then, my niece reminds me what day it is. The body knows, the body remembers. The meditation is about self-compassion, it is about the capacity to have a clear calm mind, and also hold the difficulty of the emotion, it is a way of remembering.

It is literally impossible to ground into school in this setting.

So, I let go.

Morning Pastel Meditation Two
Even the drawing is rushed? Why? Thinking ahead, play, relax, the moment is just the moment.



I draw the two love seats again, and again, as a mantra I think, a commitment to relationship. We can sort this, I know it, and I just must believe, we can find compromise. I created an interesting process of taking a photo, converting it to B&W, and then looking at the values and making choices so it would read well also as a black and white drawing.

Day Two Song Recordings
I think I'll simply load this up to what? where? To YouTube where they use my intellectual copyright to promote their business? To Itunes? I sure have benefited from free things here, and have taken, and so, well, I would want this, these songs are medicine.

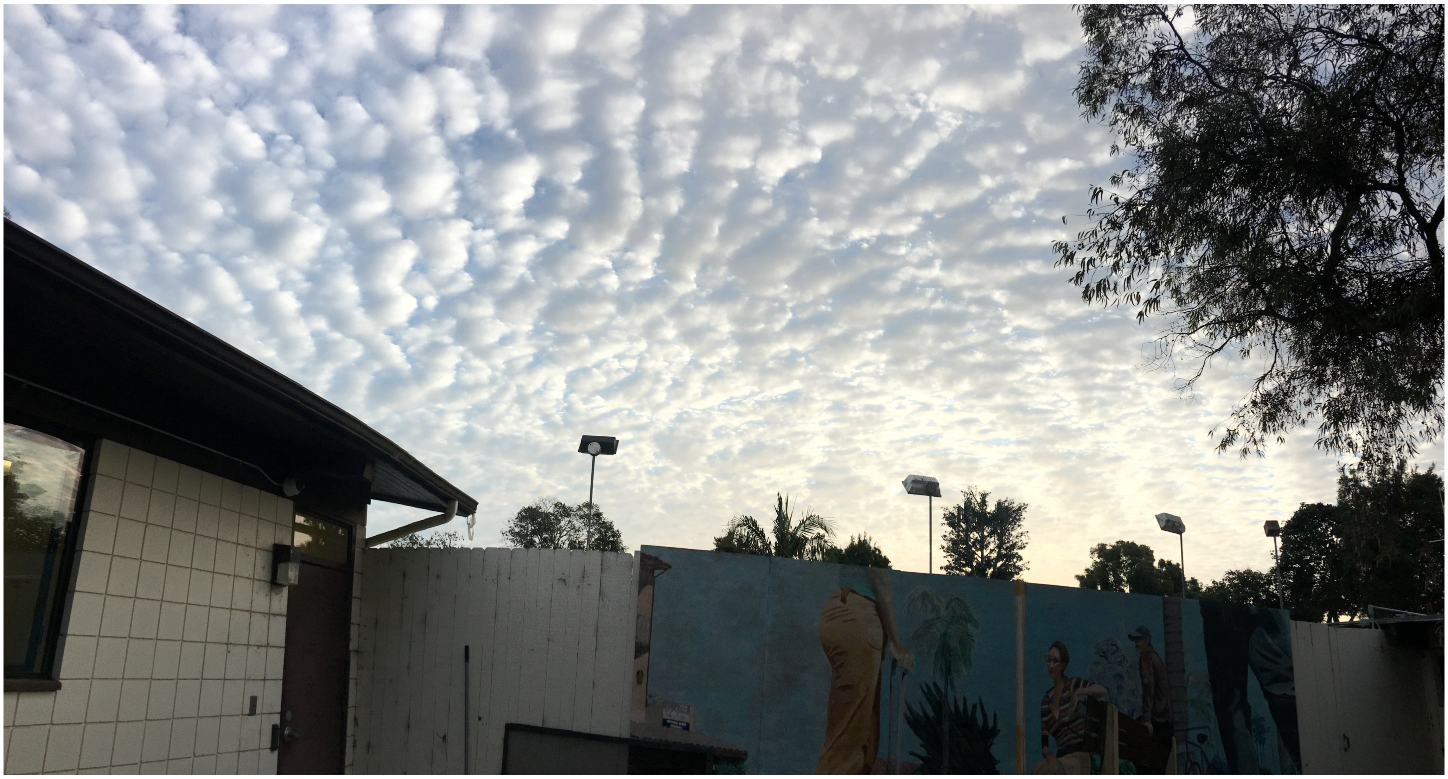
Afternoon Tea Meditation Three

BIGELOW
Cozy Chamomile®
BIGELOW

Tea Haiku
Cozy chamomile
Warm comfort in turbulence
Float with me in love

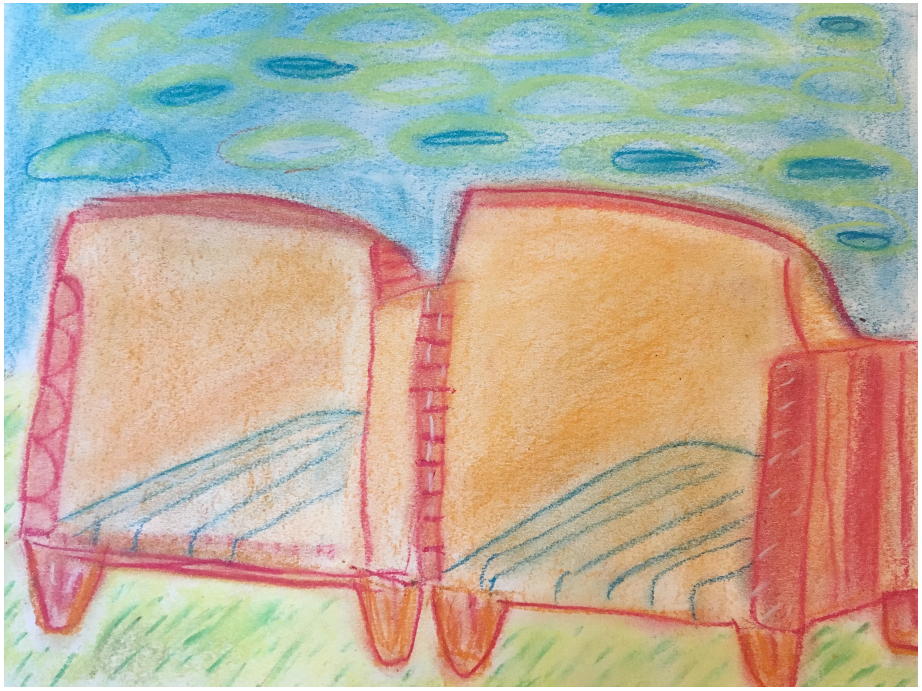
How are you doing?
I don't know how this is impacting me. That is the truth. I don't know how this is affecting me. I just know, it feels like it is a warm embrace, a comfort, solace, a place to be when I really need a safe place to be.

Morning Sky Three



Morning Sky Haiku
Puffs at last at dawn
Textures that scintillate me
Promise of good things

Morning Pastel Meditation Three



How is this impacting me? The choice to begin my day with meditation and creativity, I don't have words for this yet.

Morning writing: morning pages and writing is a part of my usual rhythm and I just let it bleed and accept any punishment that may come from being outside of the box. This is for me, my learning, my growth, and I just, well, accept it.

I dreamt last night of a person in my life, many moons ago, and he held me in his warmth, just held me. I dreamt last night of going back to the past job, in hopes of fitting in, I could clearly see that I did not belong.
I came to the realization last night that I cannot force myself into and upon a life but must accept this person's decision. I observe I carry forward the impressions of watching Forresst Gump, he merely did what he was good and life unfolded. I welcome the walls of knowingness fall and am okay with that, I really am okay with that, I think I will organize the photos differently. Or, what? morning pages, I like this ritual and come back to it, morning pages, so complex with so little time for studies and so much more time devoted to well being. Do I need this A.A. degree? No. Will it be a good container? Yes. A goal, goal of growth.

So, what I observe is, that my journal is in multiple forms, it is in a word document where I can freely write, I love writing, so, write, and imagine writing translates into dollar signs.

I observe, I enjoy drawing, so, imagine, drawing translates into dollar signs.

I observe, I adore singing, so, imagine, singing translates into dollar signs.

So, I will keep these separate, and perhaps find a creative way to do everything all at once. This feels better to me. Much better.

Afternoon Tea Meditation Four

I add another meditation. Daily Nature Meditation

Nature Haiku
Sea of blushing leaves
Organized as she so chooses
Common ground at last

So, what am I learning? What am I observing? I come back to this question. I am observing that I love writing, photography, drawing, awareness, process, and I am also learning that I have issues around learning and around teachers and I sit this day, with the awareness of failing an assignment and see the failure is not so much me, but the poor communication and lack of specificity in the assignment, which, I just need, I need more information to comprehend exactly what is asked of me. This is me. So how do I navigate it. Well fuck it, why in the hell should I submit an assignment for feedback if there is not review of it. Fuck it. I'll post to the forum and just say fuck it and fuck education.

DAY FIVE
Morning Sky Meditation Four

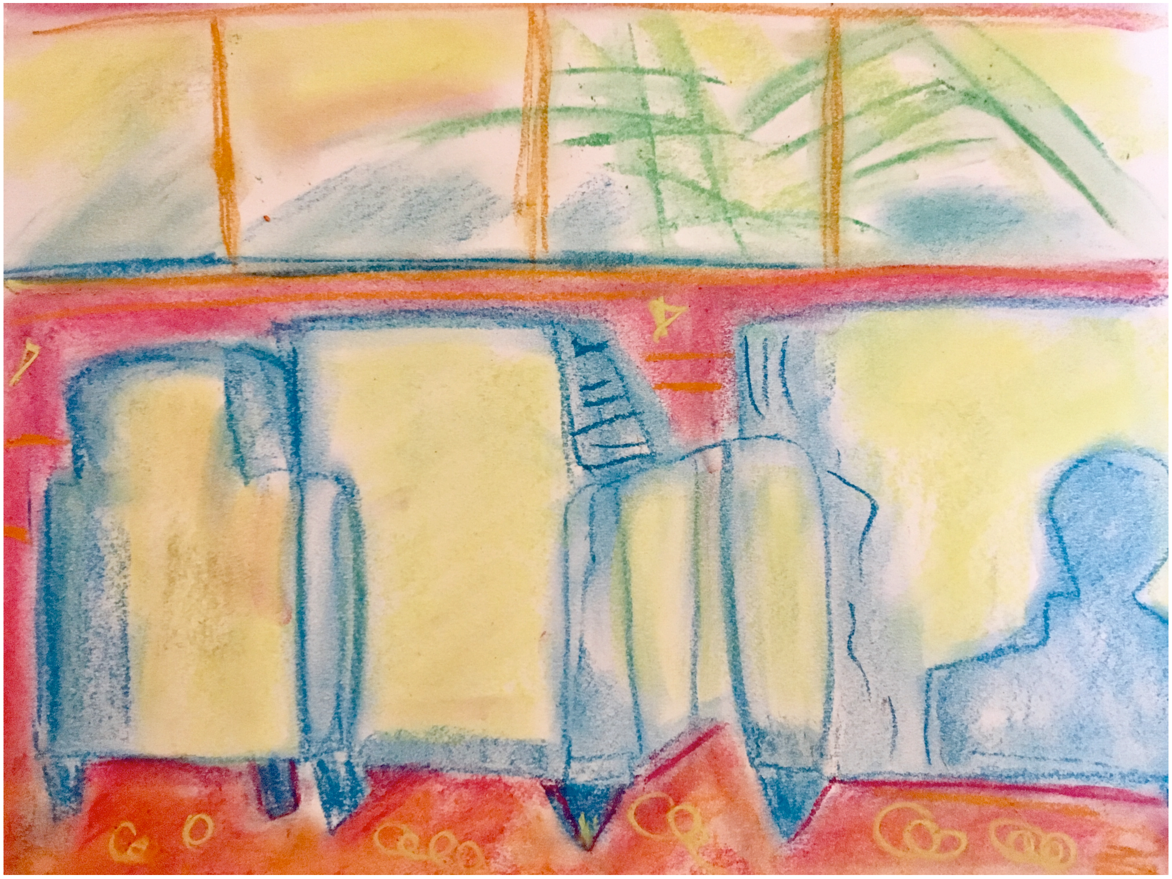
I like this morning sky ritual. I think I need this for more than 5 days. I will just go and look.

Morning Sky Haiku
Awash in glory
The body widens in awe
Bare feet grip concrete
(hang on, this is one wild ride!)

Morning Sky Haiku
Bare feet, cool cement
Morning sky, varied color
Nature's gift to me

I am present with the mixed feeling state and the uptick in stress from pushing boulder's uphill and the aggravation with the style of online communication and my own struggles with trying to keep up in school. I consider just not doing any more work with one of the teachers in that her style of feedback is so abrasive and seemingly insensitive. Shit, I'm 60. But I find myself, at a snail's pace, re-doing the assignment, now that I understand that photoshop is not the program I was to make images out of. I think, I realize, that her background is graphic design alone? and I come to this with 3 decades as a fine artist who doesn't know these programs and am reacting to them in a way that seems interesting to me. I find the examples provided of past students uninspiring, and the texture, not something I am interested in. I find myself making things up because of the boredom. So, again, my mantra, I am here to learn, I am learning I have low tolerance for certain things and I must have them in myself. I am aware I have aphasia and where this might come from. I am aware of my own typos.

Morning Pastel Meditation Four



Couches Haiku

Afternoon Tea Meditation Day Five

Nature Photo Meditation

We escaped, as a group, in a white van, to the beach. The awareness of beauty was heightened after weeks of being disconnected to a primary support, nature. Ukelele, song, observations, community, the diamonds dancing on the water, a song I've long awaited for, it is coming, very, very slowly and Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds in her eyes, I set Lucy in the sea and invoke the poetry of the seals, the selkies, the merfolk, and all of the whimsical childhood fancy that my inner jungle gym needs.

What am I discovering

More observing, that the process of this thirty challenge begets ideas, energizes me, and I wish for all of my educational experiences to be this way.

Day Six

Morning Sky Meditation Five

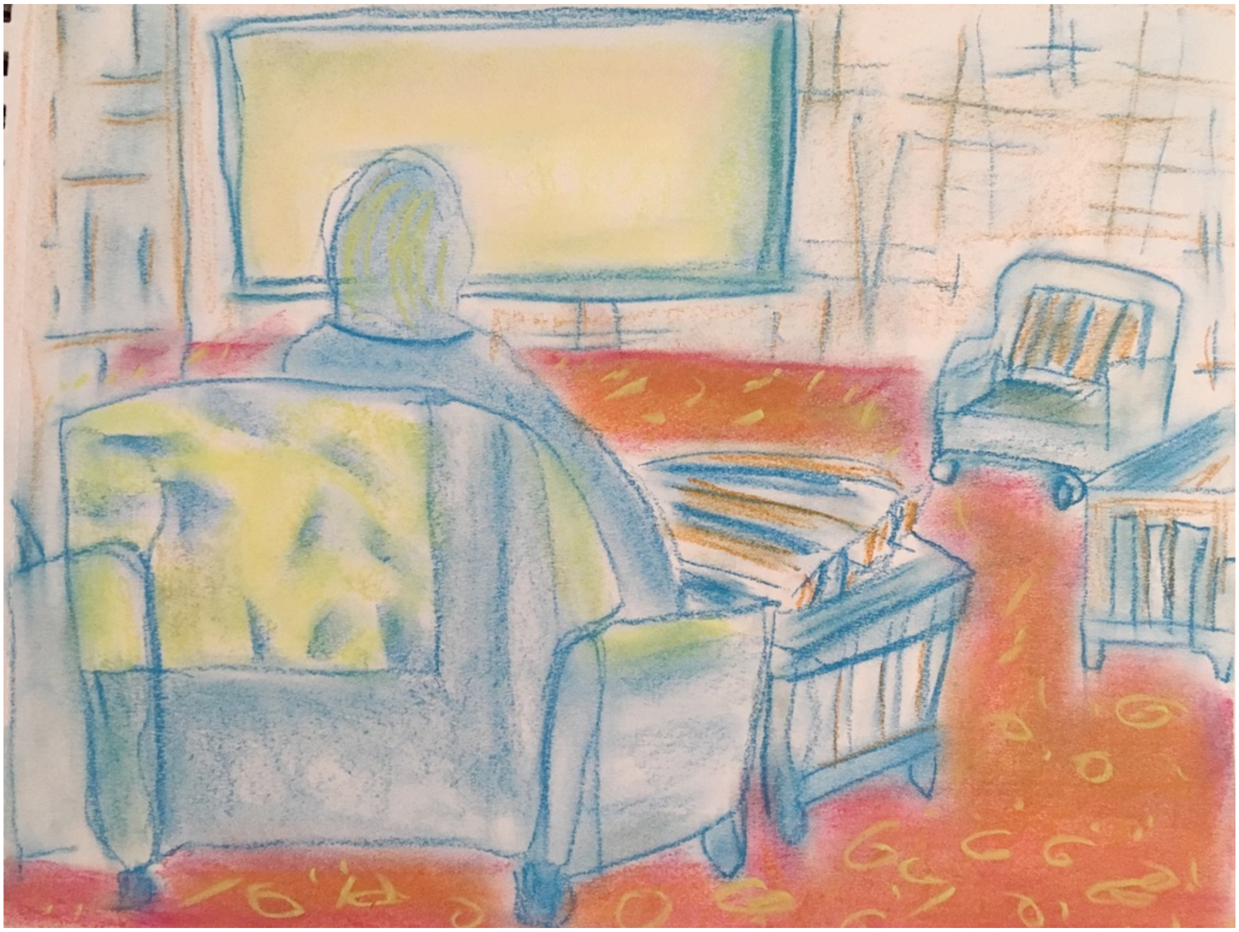
Sky thoughts

Clarity, blue, clear a perfect place to let the mind be calm as the body does its thing. I let go of the need to carry forward this task of photographing the sky and connect with the goodness of this as a resource, at any time, I can photograph the sky, and there is very much something to be said for series, and revisiting themes, something I have NEVER really focused on in my life. So this is what I am discovering. Being in an educational container that stretches me.

Morning Pages

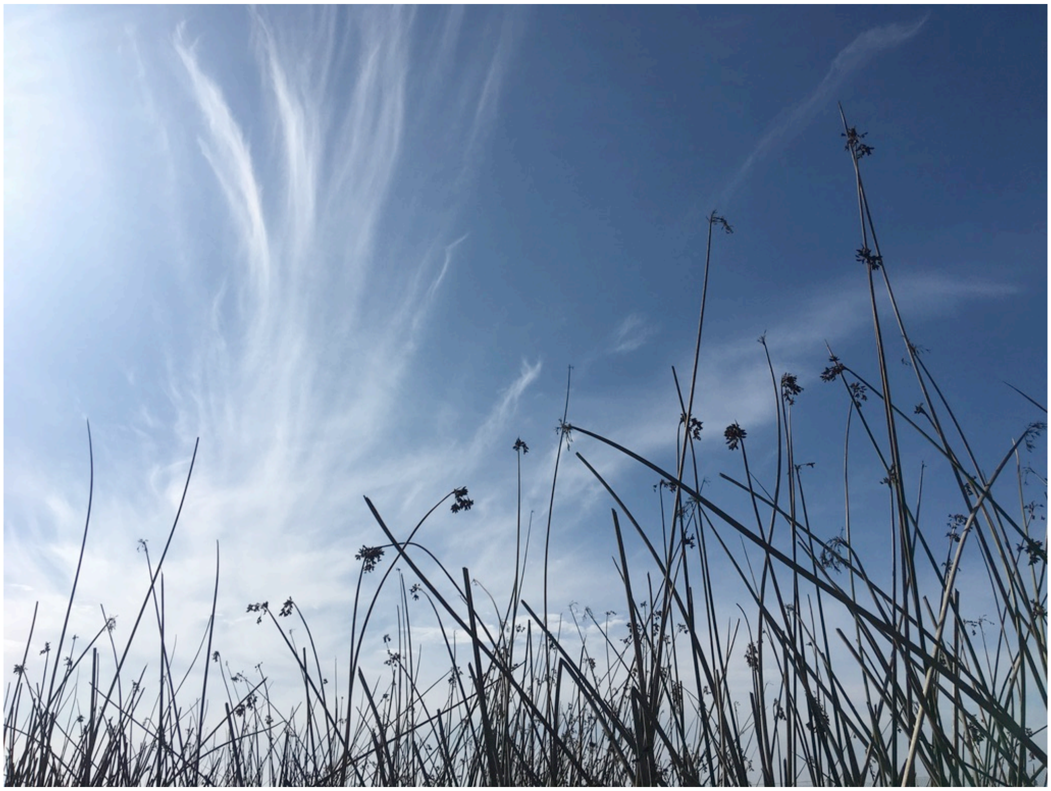
I again, capture the moment as a first thing out of bed. I didn't get much sleep last night as I continue on with whatever sort of initiation I seem to be going through. My body acts normally and naturally I realize, to a set of circumstances beyond my control, too much stress, really, and I wonder how to reduce stress in relation to one of my teachers, who simply reminds me of teachers I've had before who have a style I experience as demeaning, and degrading, and tell myself, this may not be intentional, don't take it personal, choose your battles. The system usually protects itself, and you don't need more stress at this point. Old wounds, so my day actually starts at 4:00 am, arising for tea, and going back to bed to plug into revisiting the *Stress Proof the Brain* series that is so very, very, very good. Lack of sleep comes from chasing out what I have suspected, my spouse of 28 years is not sure he wants to work on the relationship, a pattern that repeats itself again and again. I am so depleted, I don't have anything to give anyways, but I do need a place to sleep and I realize, I just don't have the bandwidth (my favorite word of late) ..

Morning Pastel Meditation



TEXTURE MAPPING: Find 2 textures somewhere in your day, these could be anywhere and on anything. Associate these textures with something. Interpret them, image them as something else. What do these textures look like? Complete the image with a rough cut out drawing like so and take a pic.

I captured two textures yesterday for today and use these as a point of departure. I read and look at the examples and think, this isn't right, but I choose to go with my gut impulse.

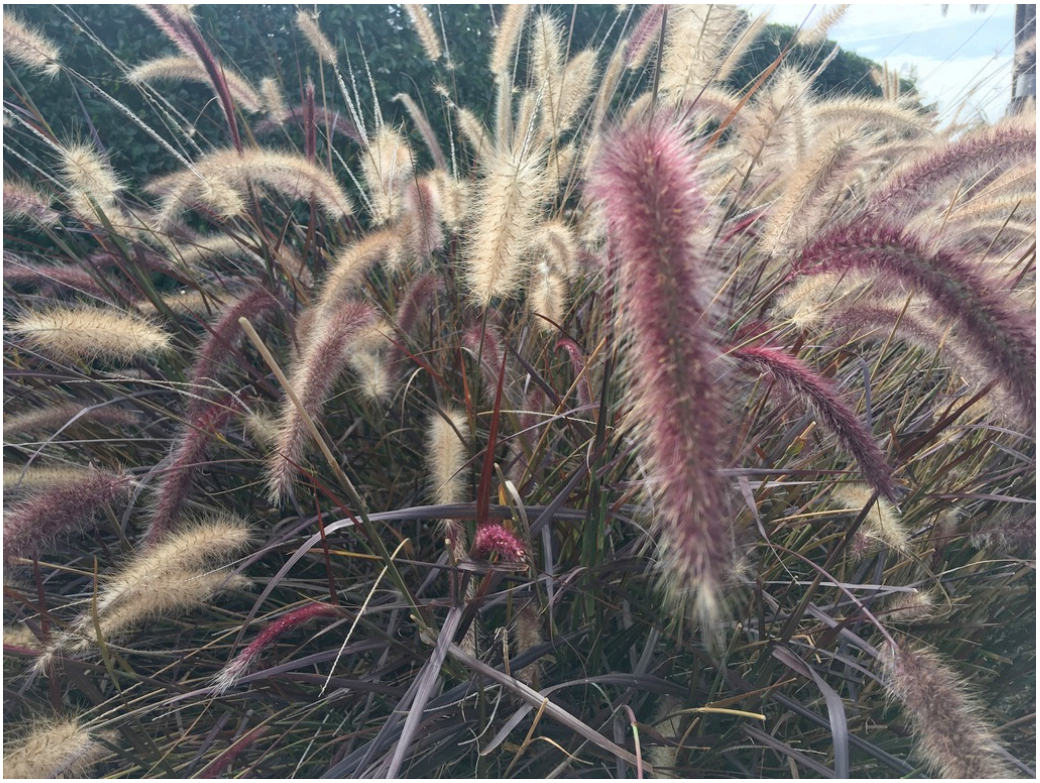


The wands of change arise from an autumn salt marsh.

The sky responds

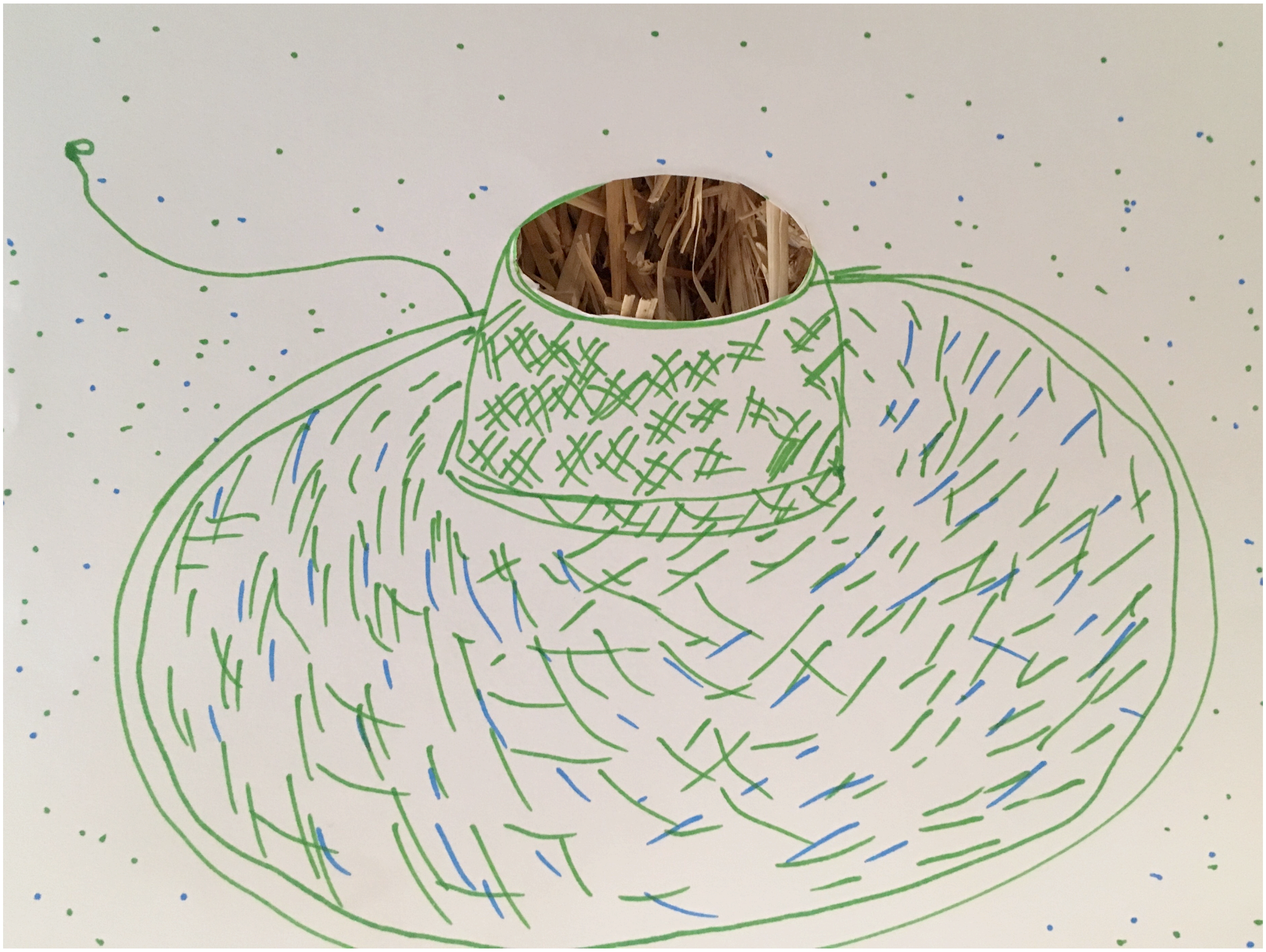
A counter punctual texture of frothy white delight.

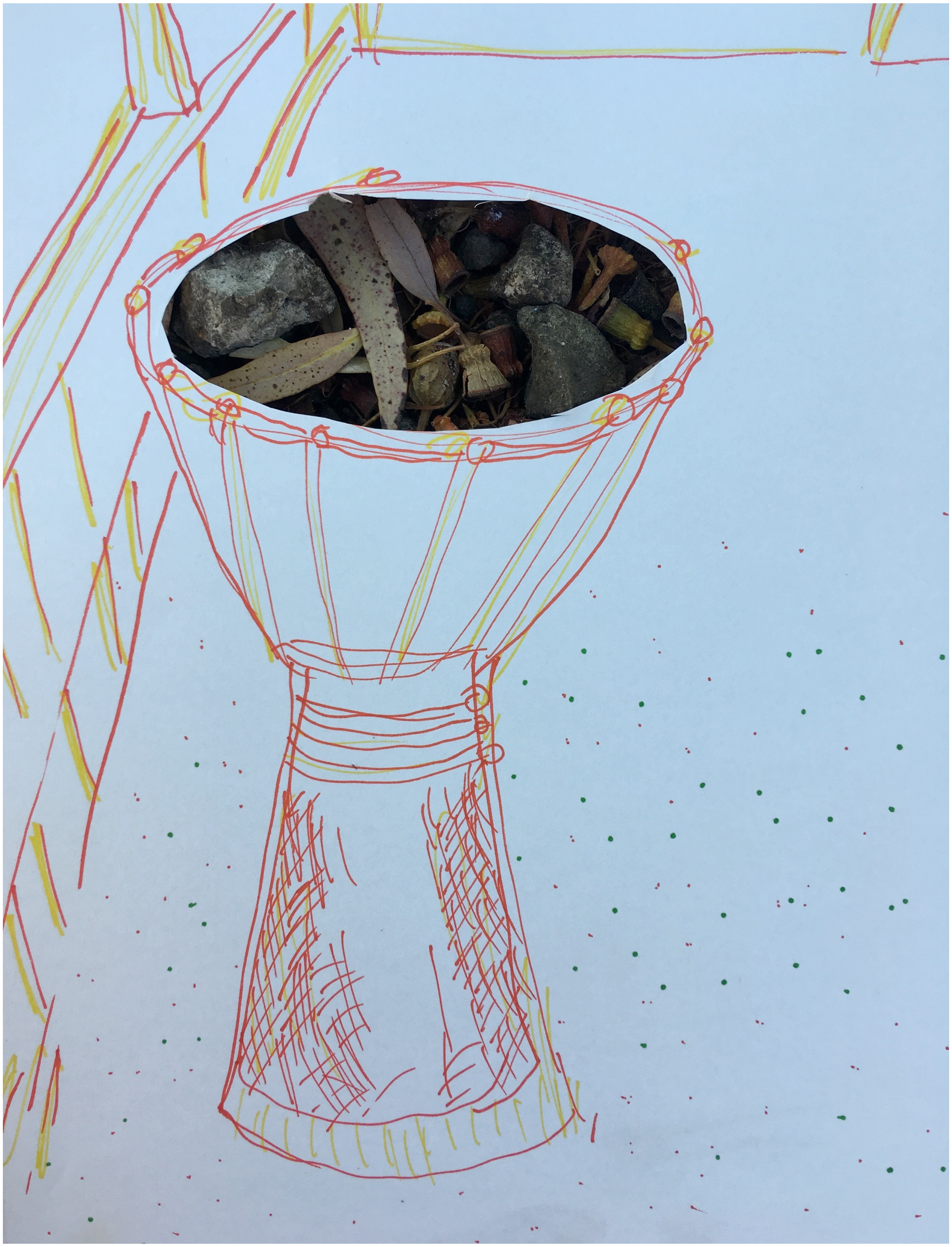
This could be a rhythmic score: dah dah dah dah dah, dah dah dah dah dah, dah dah dah dah dah, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, ohmmmmmmmmmmm.



Grasses as soft colored textures that bend. What could these be to me? As a child, a soft comforting texture, the awe of its feel, of its color, its magic, these could be the tails of ponies that little sprites ride. They are there own power, there own purpose, they are seed, they are resilient, they are strong, they are protective, a blend of soft and biting.

I come back to the texture assignment after looking at the examples and use the above to inform choices.



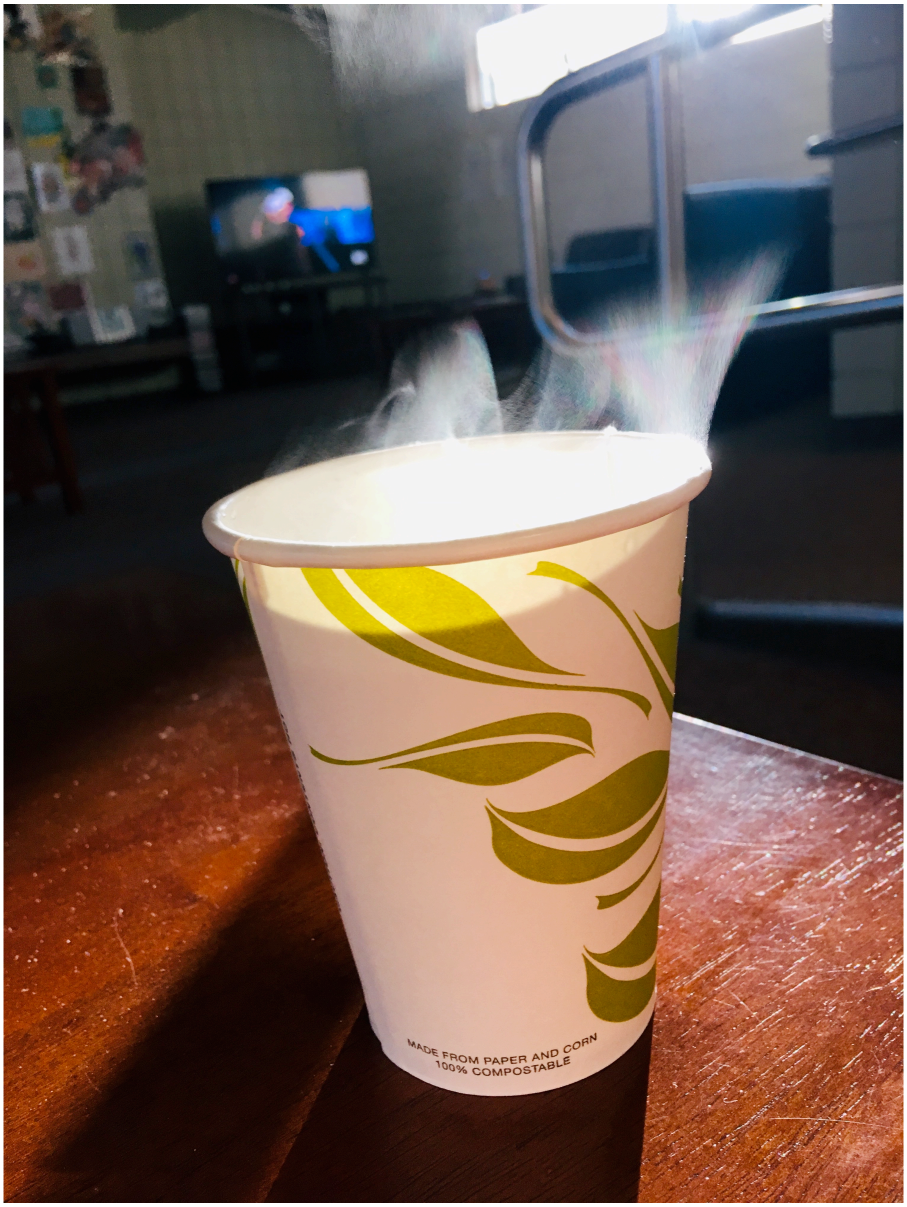


What am I observing?

Resistance, but when one pushes through the resistance, then joy comes from the act of making/creating. I am absolutely delighted by this discovery. Truly delighted at how much fun it is. It was my goal today, to ask for scissors, to make the cut outs, in that, you aren't allowed inside. I wonder, are these constraints elucidating something new in me?

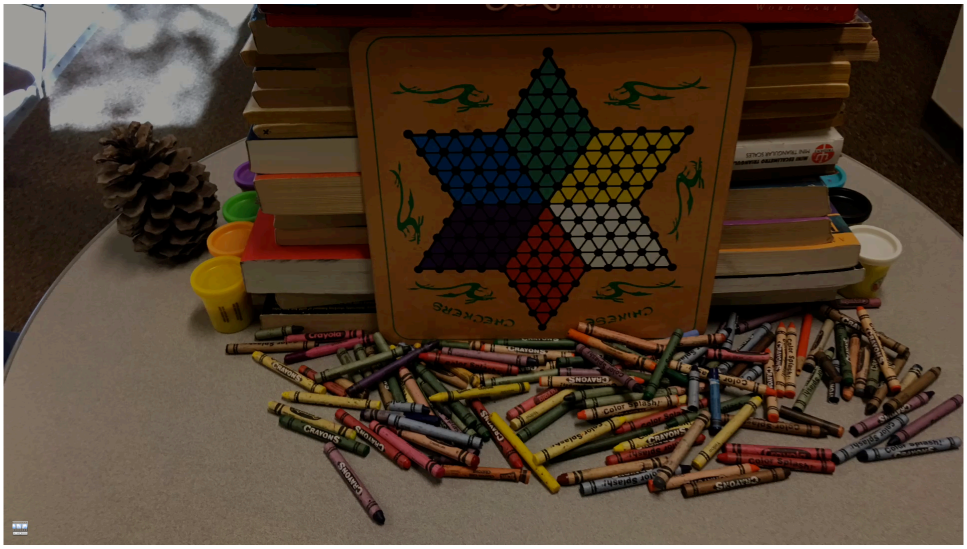
Afternoon Tea Meditation

I drink rainbow steam
The flu steals my words away
Chills, headache, nausea, blech
Rest body rest


MADE FROM PAPER AND CORN
100% COMPOSTABLE

Day 7 - Build a house with some sort of objects. Document every few steps until it is complete. Did it stay up or fall? How long did it take you to complete? What sort of structure does it look like? Document your thoughts.

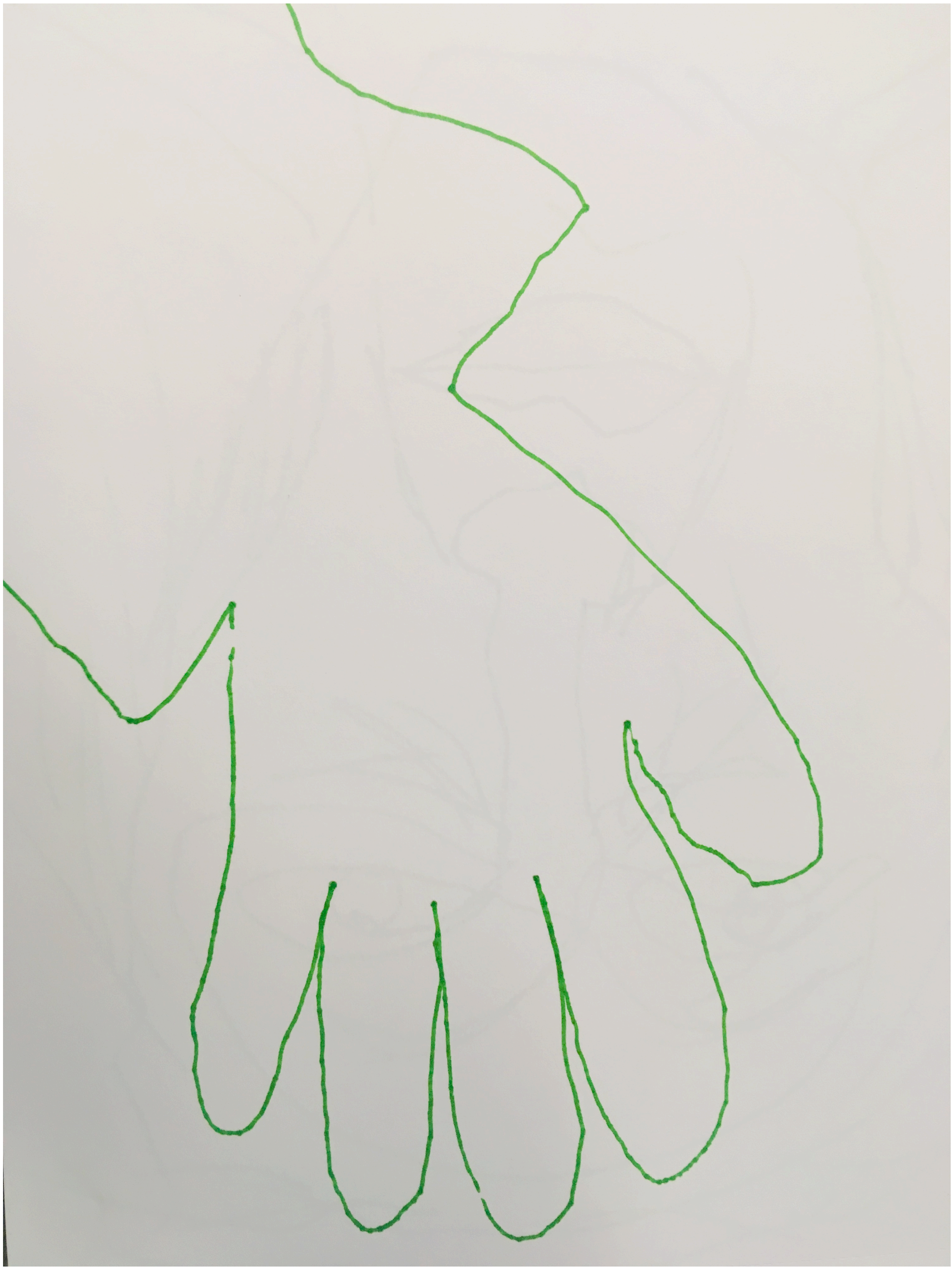
Books, this comes to mind, books, using books, so I shall use books. I enter into flow and find delight realizing there are more interesting things in the space around me to build a house than at my home. I am in the play section with books, and games, and other crafty things to build my house. It stays up. Fellow clients come and someone changes house to mouse which tweaks the corners of my house upwards. I document with a short video.



How is this changing me? What is going on? No matter HOW sick I can manage something creative.

Click the film icon to view

Day 8 – Trace your dominant hand using your non-dominant hand. Use any media you like. Next looking into a mirror, draw a self-portrait. The objective here is to look closely at yourself in the mirror, do not look at the paper and do not take the pencil/pen off the paper. NO Erasing allowed. It's fun to try this a few time. Photograph your 2 drawings and upload. Document your thoughts.

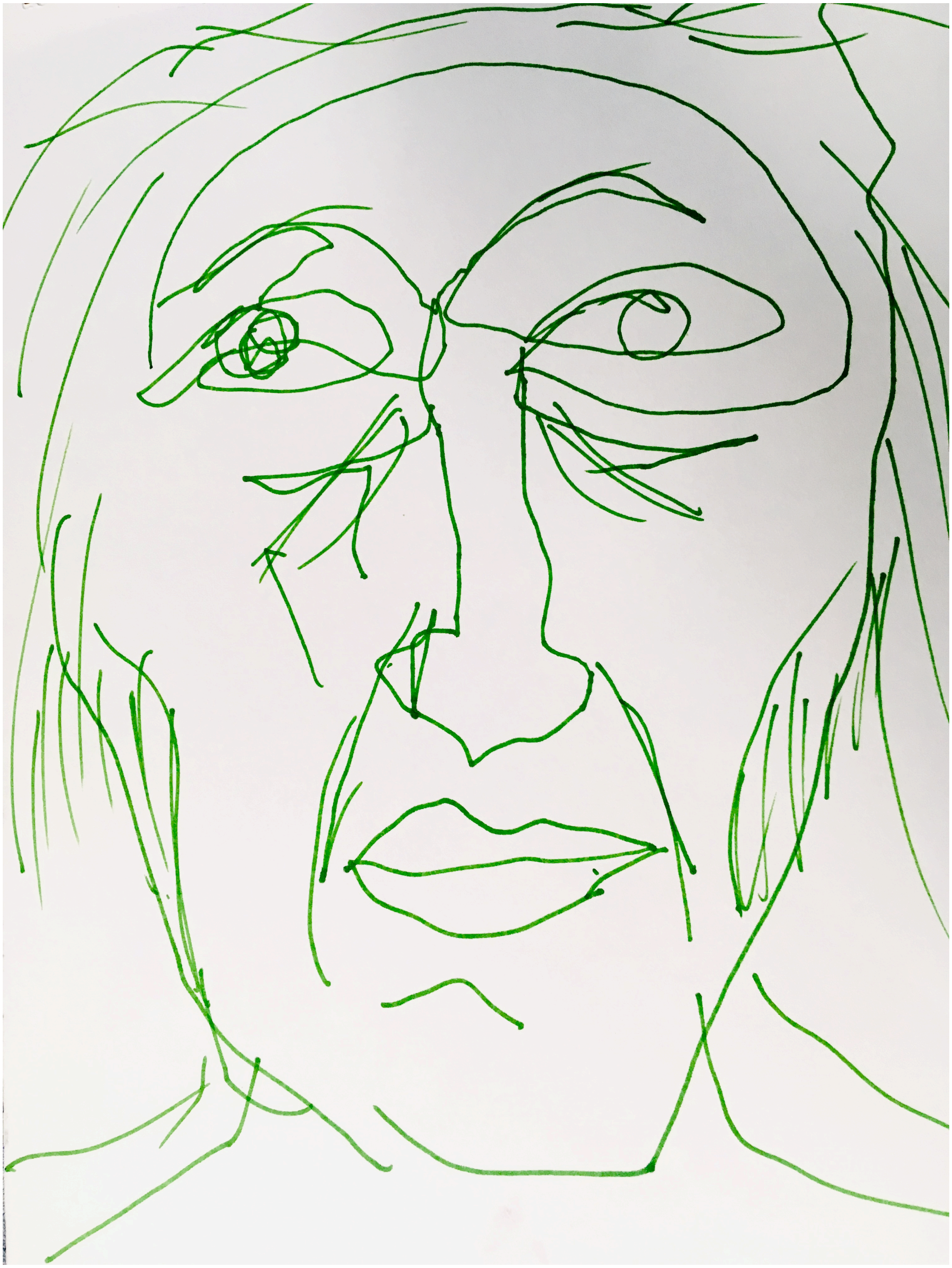


green hand drips alone
shelter from envious darts
too late damage done

commit to let go
resentment, rage, bitter darts
epicenter heals

someone hides from light
rock this essence in heart flow
intend to forgive

ride the dynamics
of change, big shifts, free as me
nature beckons me home



I am shocked, I am horrified, I can't believe this is my face. It looks absolutely devastated. It is the face of a broken old woman who has had way too many trials. I am devastated by this decision that seems like the best option that seems so very, very, very wrong. I should be taken to a place of comfort, put to bed, nursed backed to health. I should not be going to a homeless shelter. I do not know how I will physically survive this. My body is so exhausted. Going to a shelter will only create more exhaustion. What is my solution. How will I spiral out of this? What is my path? I just want to sleep, forever, and not wake up until I am regenerated. I just need a good cry. This experience will break me. I know that. Why am I doing this? Why am I allowing myself to be broken? I can't do this. I just can't go into a homeless shelter. I can't. I know that now. Knowing that I think, well, what else is there. Where can I go when I am too sick to recover? Who will help me? I need exercise. I can't even believe I am doing this for a fucking class assignment. This is totally insane to try and be in school while I am going through this. I think this is it. I think my body is shutting down. I think it has had enough is what I think to myself. I look so, so, so gaunt. How can this be?

Day 9 – Interpret the color BLUE. Write down 10 words or phrases that you would associate to the color blue in feeling and in meaning.

First Round

Sky

Healing

Poetry

Water

Expansiveness

Liquid Metaphor

The Colors of My Shaman Blanket Juxtaposed With Orange

Second Round

BLUE
Blue eyes, I sank once, into these, and now, I find myself emerging from the whirlpool saying no, no more, no more pulling me down, I will rise. I gasp for air. The asphyxiation memory is strong. Old wounds my sister. It isn't this voice, but something deeper, I dive down deep and rescue her in the still calm waters, so icy, so alone, frozen in silence. I breathe into her, and I breathe out.

Blue abalone from my secret beach

Blue ice

Blue bellied lizards vibrant in dance whirling, small dervish dragons, drinking dust

Blue snot he declares as he blows his nose, looks at it, and concludes, it is the blue tint of the handkerchief.

Blue moods, the weight of a blanket, a damper covering up the anger, the pain.

Blue wild irises, spring, the love of these sturdy determined blossoms that come be there drought, be there rain, they always come.

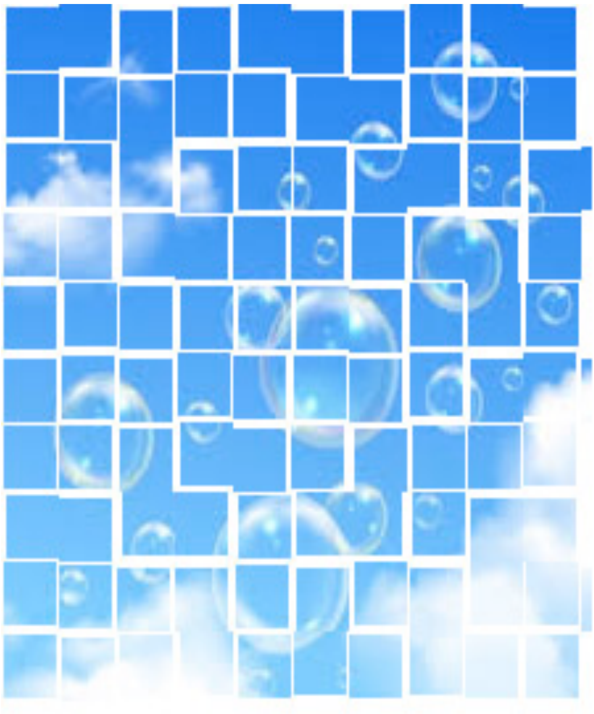
Blue azure magic in the Oo Ah cave, we float, we are buffeted, we zoom with the surge of a swell out through the other side.

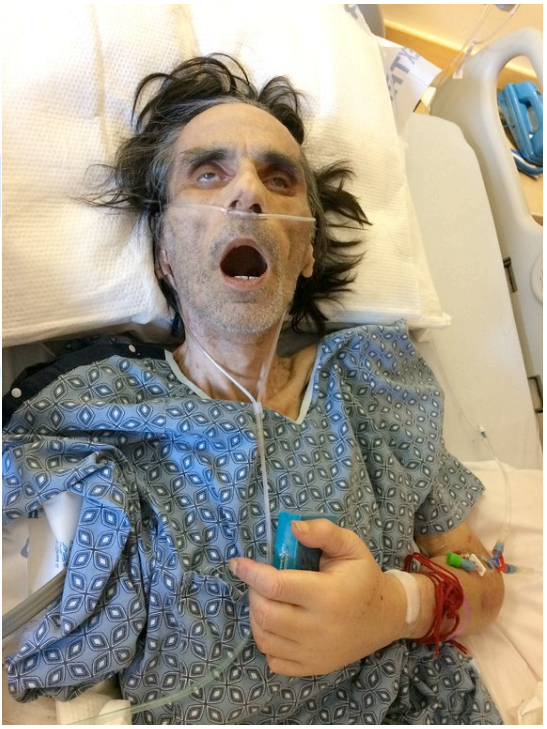
Blue – the taste of the white mints, cool, refreshing, eyes crinkling with the crunch and the taste of sugar ready for more, always ready for more.

Blue – sky, the infinite expanse, the place I watch thoughts, like clouds, the place I put emotions too big to bear alone.

Blue – and orange, the color of my blanket knitted with a prayer with each knit, comfort, wishing comfort. This lays on my lap, and around this time two years ago, I took this to bring my dying brother comfort.

Blue – the color of his last wish, which he never got, Turquoise American Spirit cigarettes. Grief now, she dances with me, the texture will change, but she will always be with me, so says my grief counselor, a woman I am not certain will welcome me back after this grand escapade, jail, the PHF, a crisis residential unit. How did I end up here? Infection, pain, too much at once which is a way of trying to bury the inevitable in a survivor's journey. Claiming all the losses as your own, and if one has been exposed to an extreme set of circumstances one not only has an explosive creative reaction, but one also has explosive and beyond ordinary accumulation of extreme emotions that go with. My art tells me this. This moment tells me, breathe.

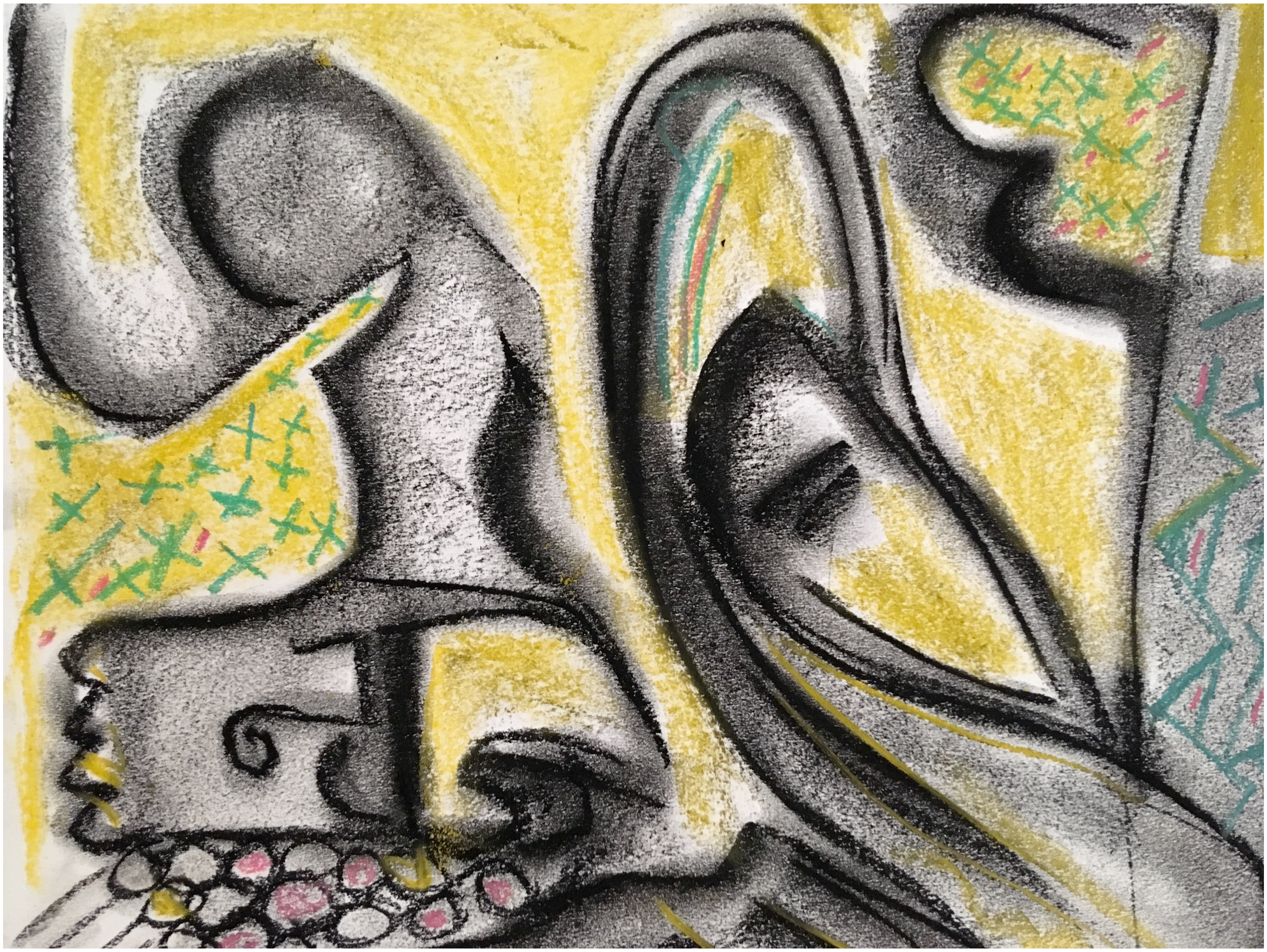




Day 10 – Day 15 - Interpret the night sky using any media or prose, poetry, haiku etc. each night for the next five nights. I set the intention to dump the challenges of the day into the night sky. To look up, and allow her to change me. Sometimes I have to go out multiple times to be present, sometimes I sit and drum, but the one constant is the choice to respond/react and make a pastel drawing from the experience.

Night Sky One

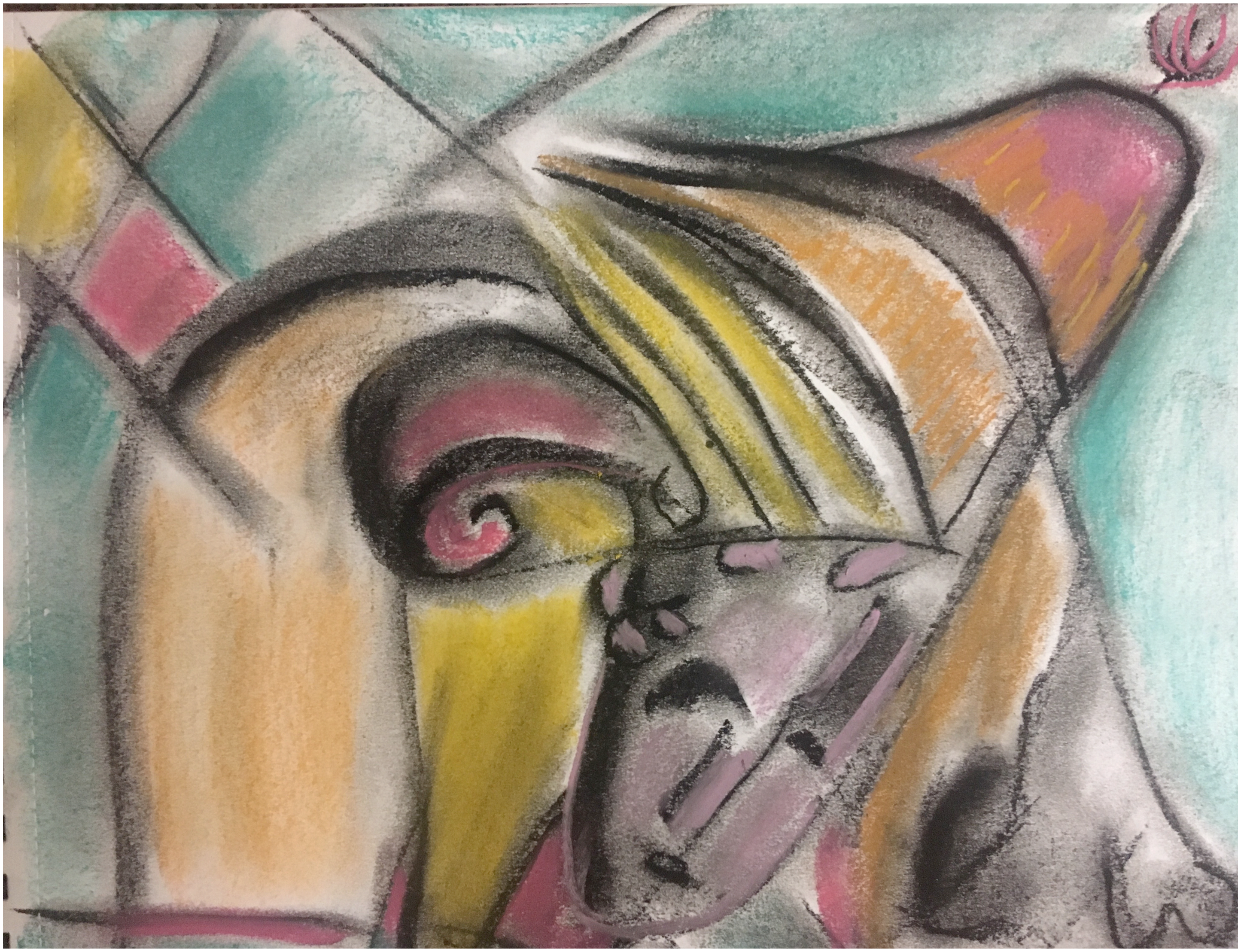
I feel it coming, the night sky, with my intention, to witness this expanse. I choose to respond in poetry to the coming of the night sky. My meditation for each night of the night sky is to dump upwards the challenges of the day, be with the night sky, notice my degree of being able to connect, not connect, and keep going back out, until I connect. I set the intention to then go inside, close my eyes, and begin to feel this experience, whatever it might be. I write, I bury the writing, all of it, and let the images alone remain and integrate the daily other meditations that seem to follow me.



Night sky shelter come
Fill me up with your wonder
I seek your wisdom

What am I discovering?

I continue with the creative challenges that I am inspired to add just for fun, and grow. I am learning about value with the morning practice by a process of transposing images to black and white, then going back into the drawing. I observe, when feeling ill, and toxic, this gets reflected in the work.

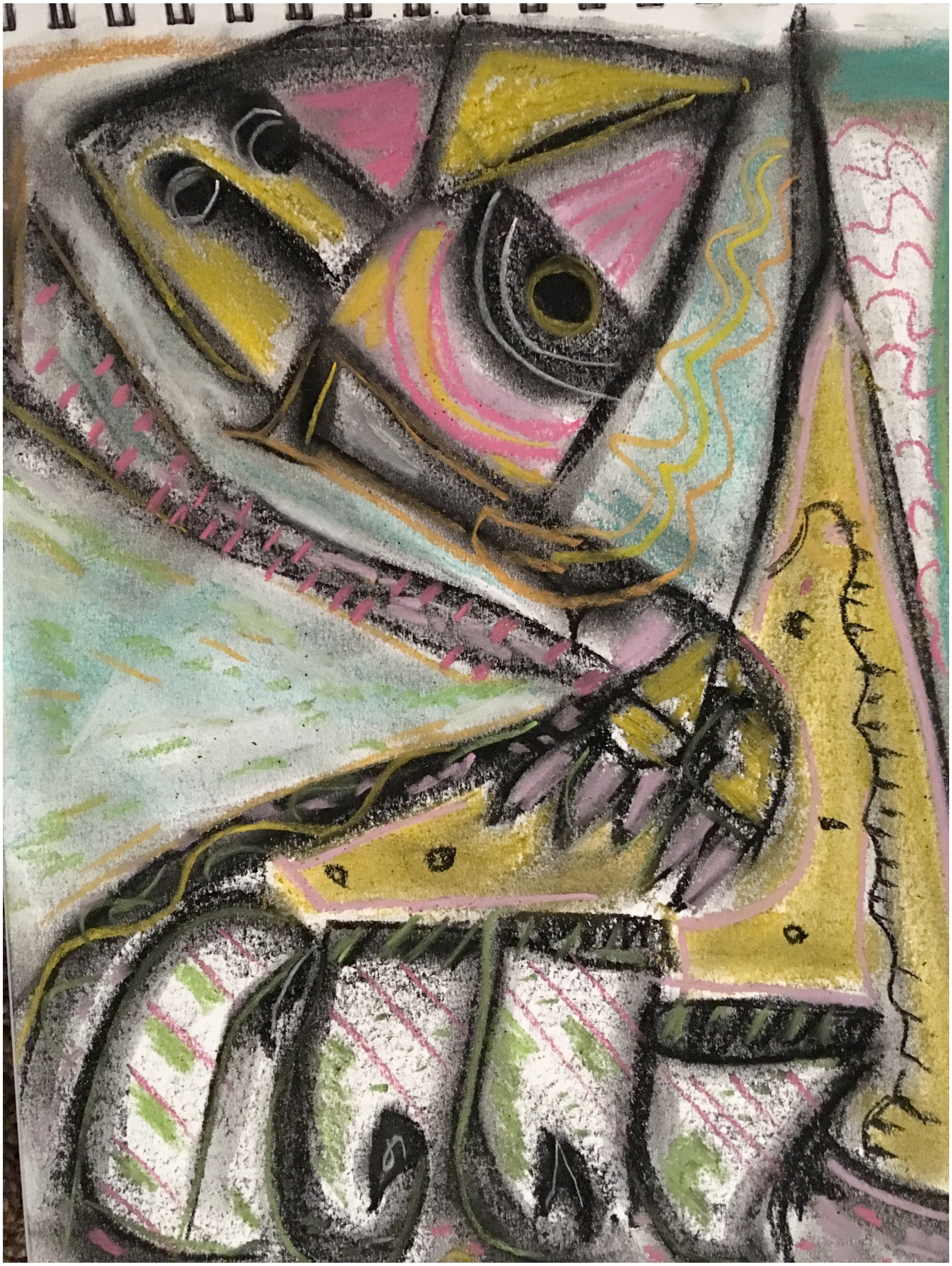


Night Sky Two

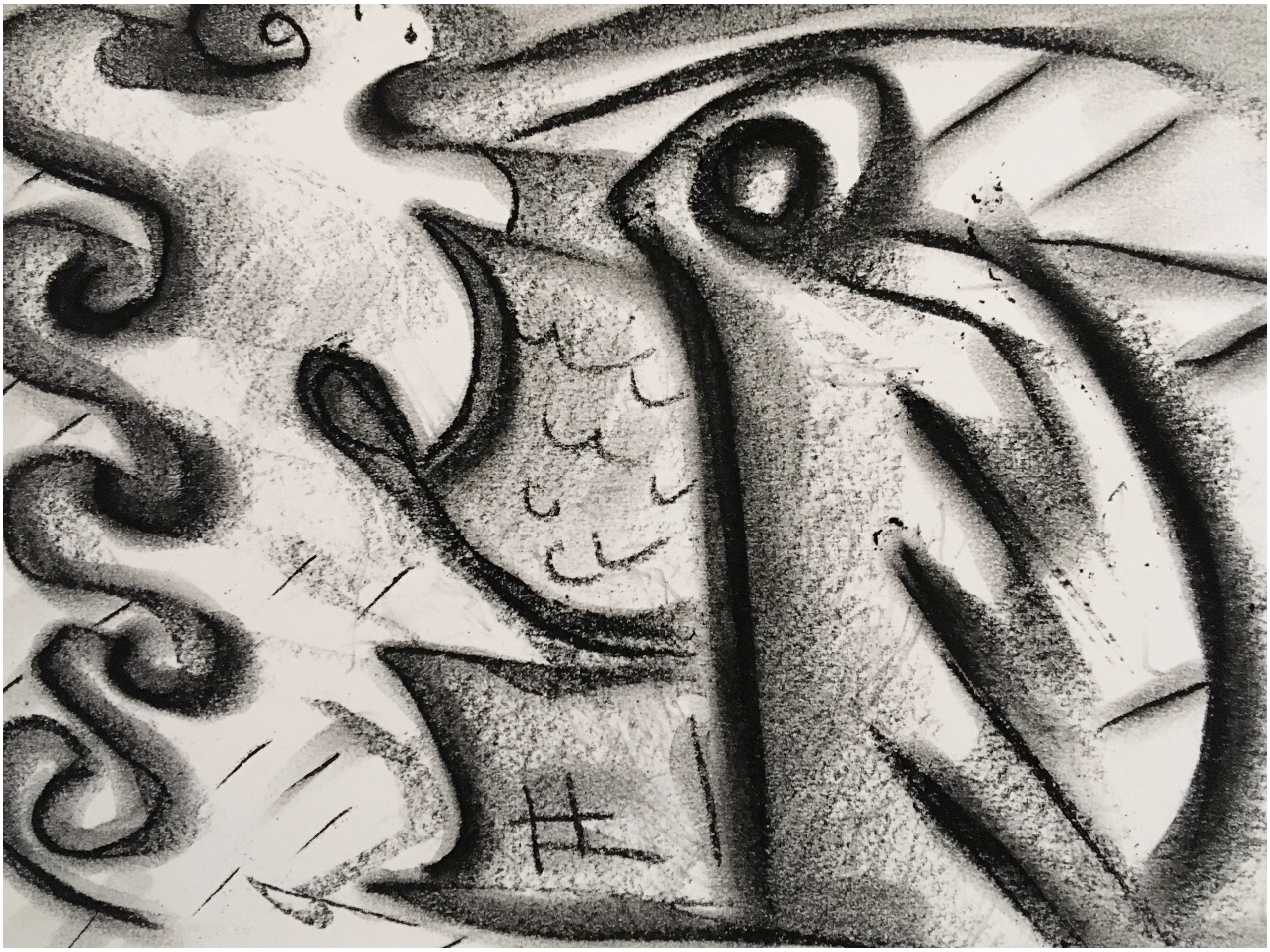
The drum calls the night
Grieving loss of sister star
We dance in the veil

She tends Leilani
She tends me as well in love
We grow together

Medicine woman
Yes to ancient wisdom calls
Night sky expanse soothes



Night Sky Three
Many worlds many
We see so few stars he says
I wish for us all



Night Sky Four
Angels zoom at night
Blessing us with great delight
No challenge too big

We signed up for this
We can trust that we will mend
The night sky will help

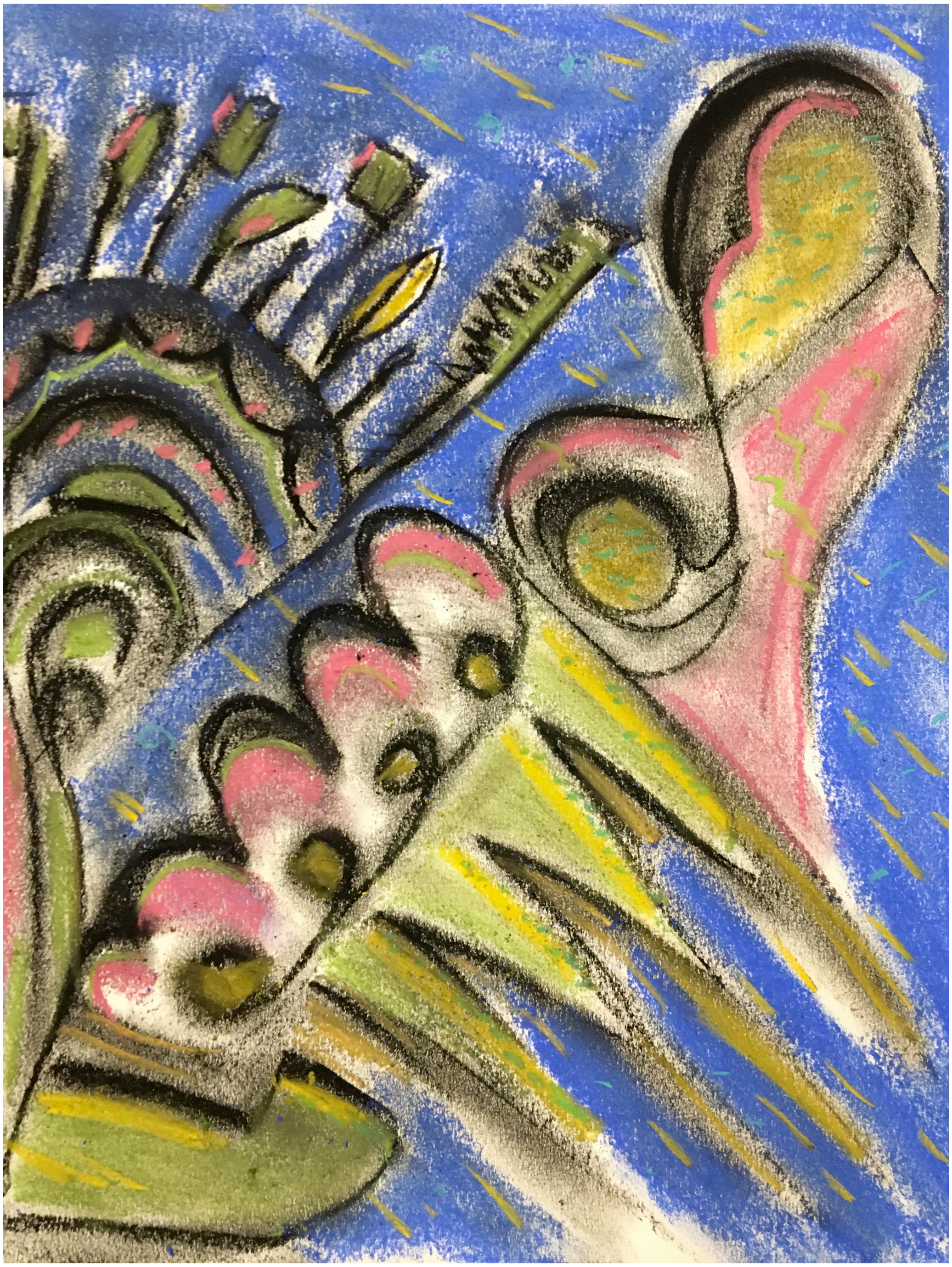
Let go says the dawn
Ground into your rituals
Creativity

Safe and sure as breath
Ride its mighty flow and mend
Pulling out the darts

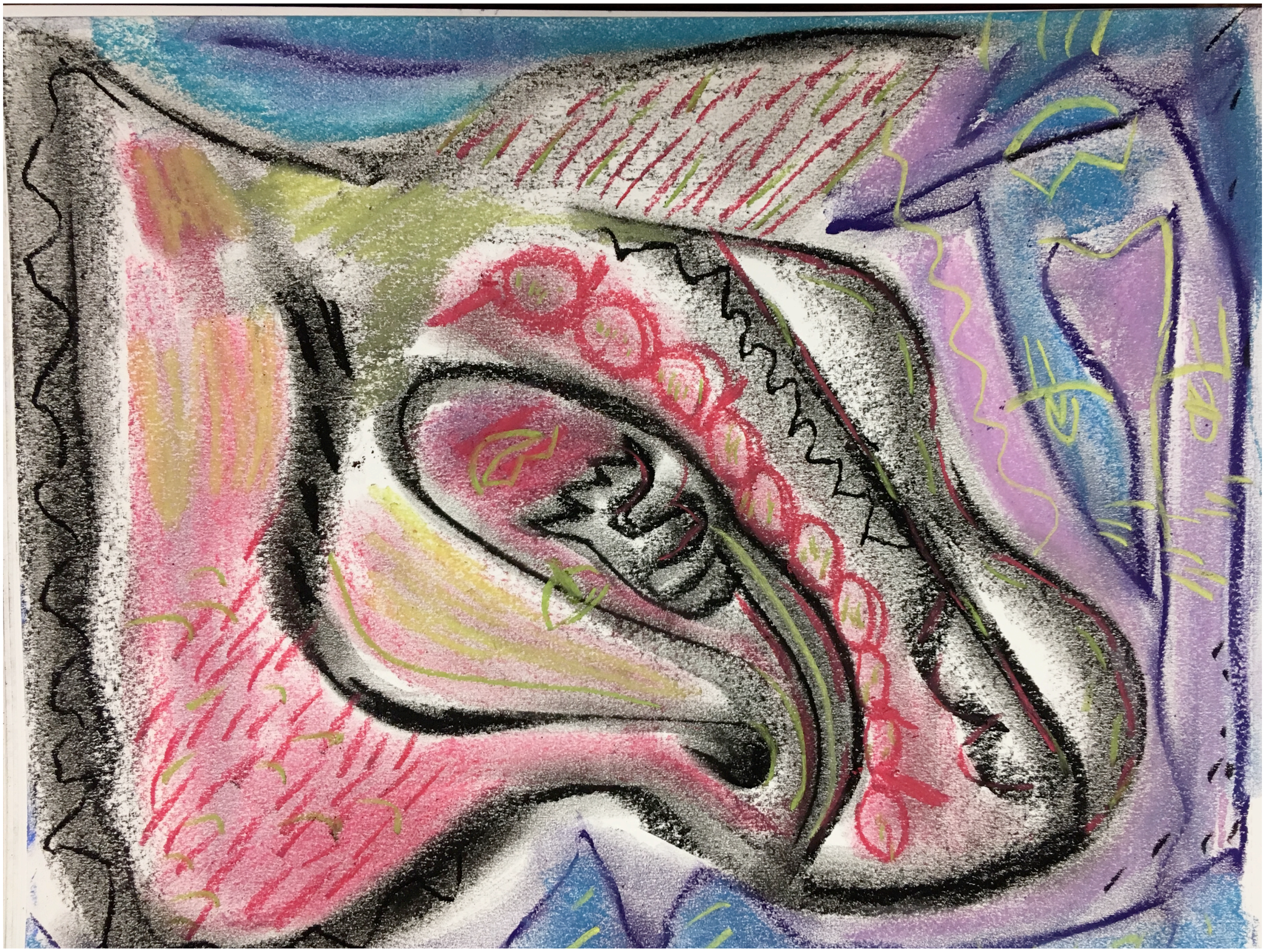
Intend to forgive
Tend the internal garden
With virtues and compassion

Night Sky Five

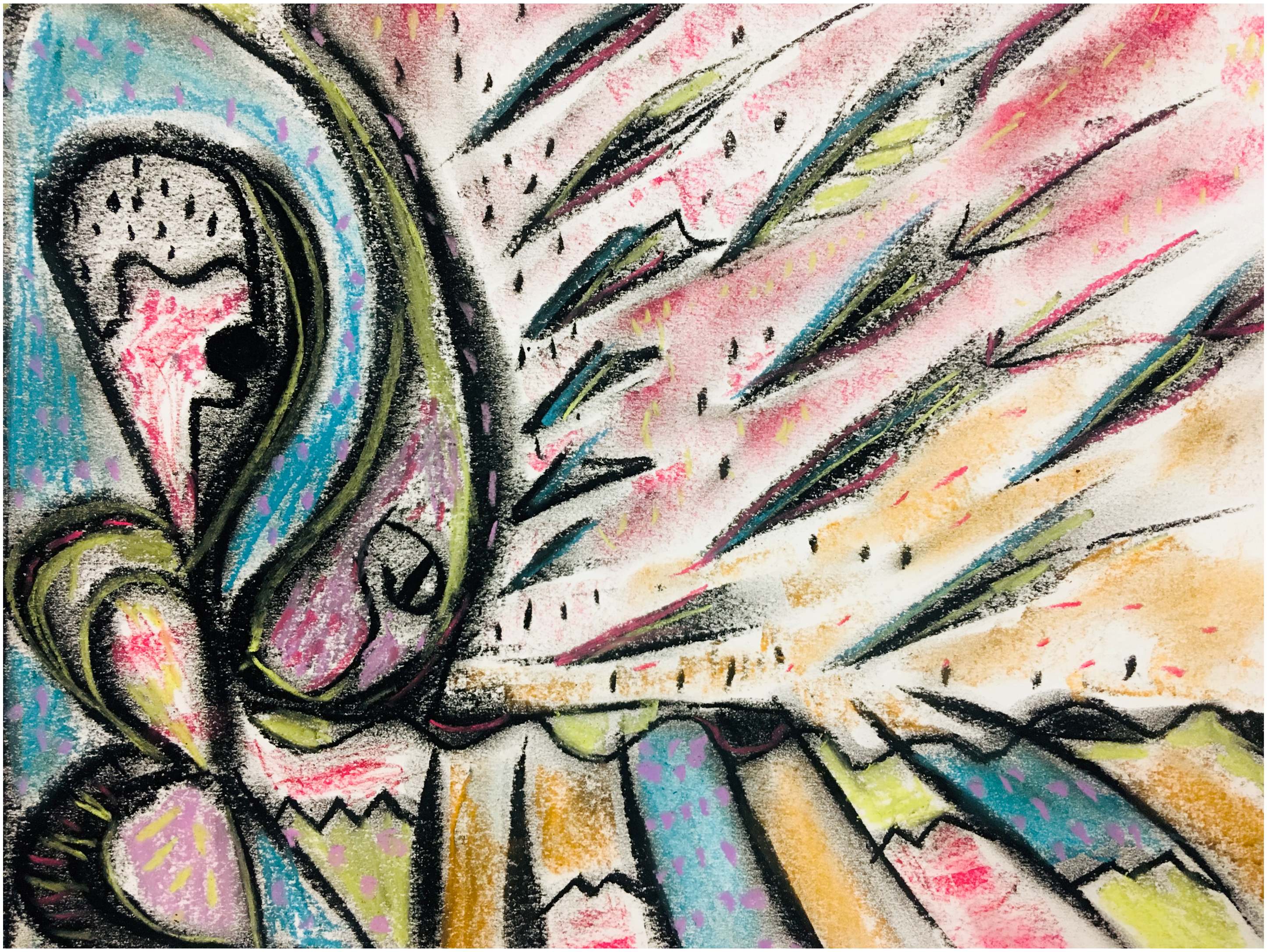
On his own planet



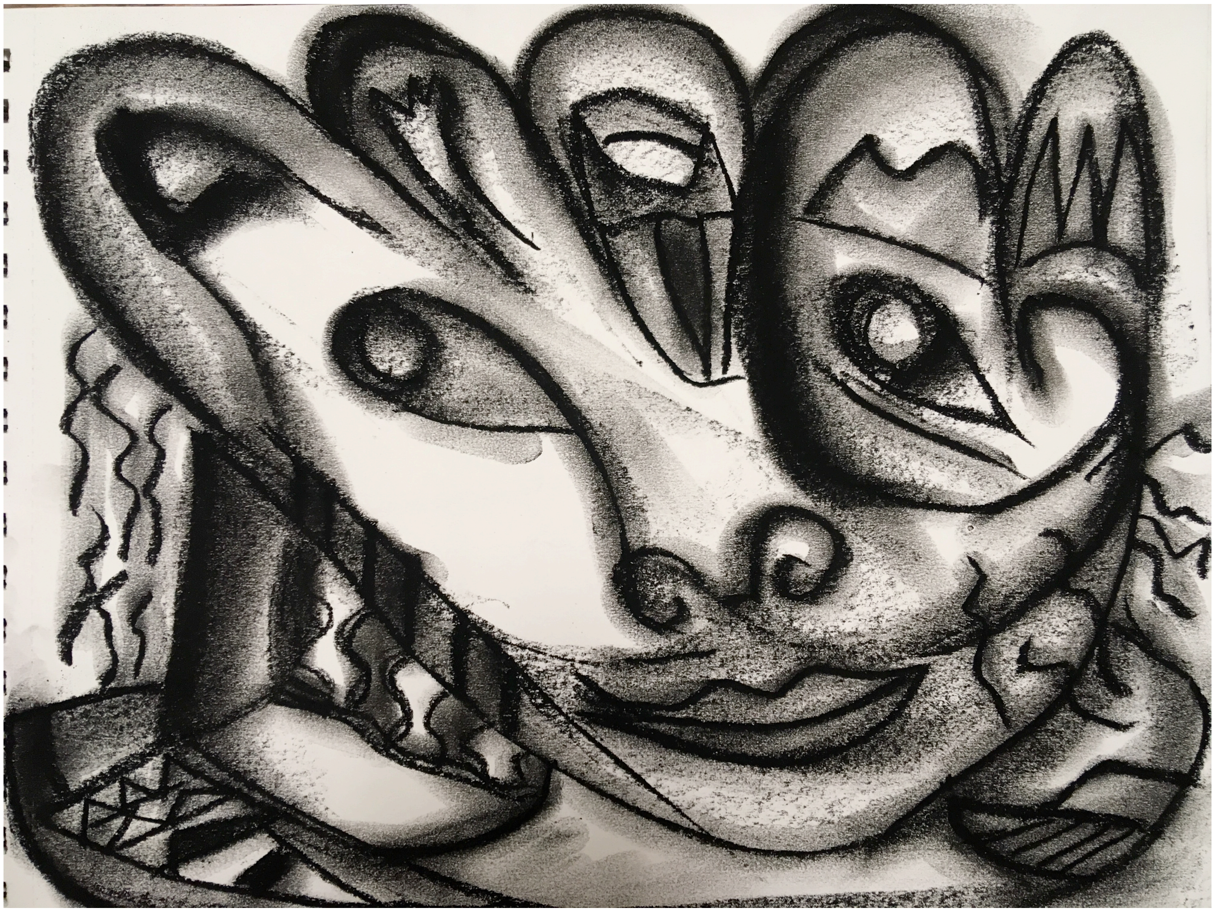
He grows sharp toys that
glisten
They shine in starlight
We heal our own betrayals
Alchemical shift
Horror into wonder
Awash in the sting of salt
Awaiting fresh life
Devoid of toxic thoughts
That become a haze
Around a distant star



Night Sky Six
Fold me in my womb
Birthing wounded healer light
Red colors the passage

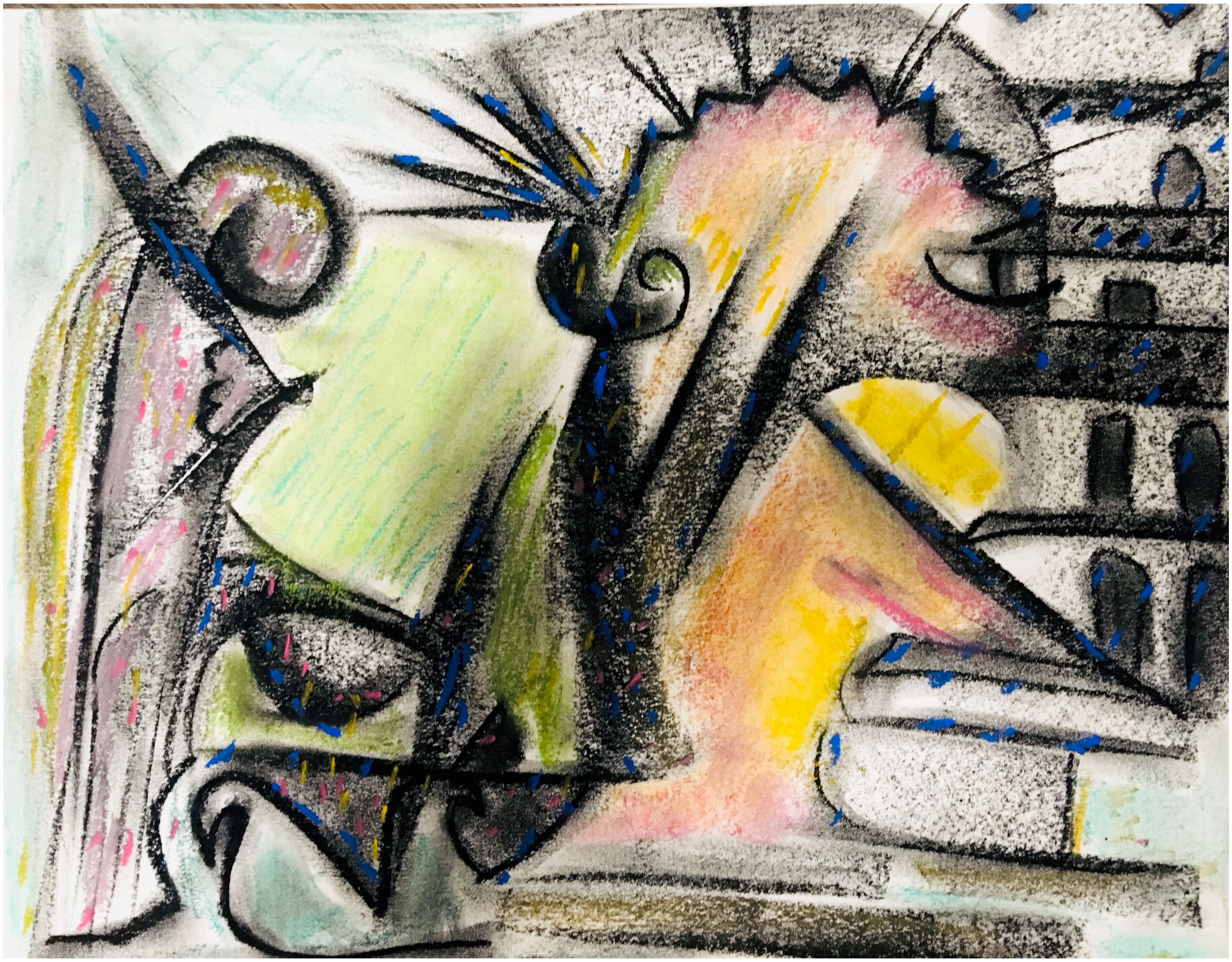


Night Sky Seven
I journey, and process the darts, my night time meditation becomes protection.



Night Sky Eight and Nine

I journey with my drum, cougar comes to me, my night sky meditation is me as cougar. I give to the night sky my resentment, my anger, and beneath this is the pain, of betrayal, and I ask the sky, who have I betrayed to have this returned to me in such a way?



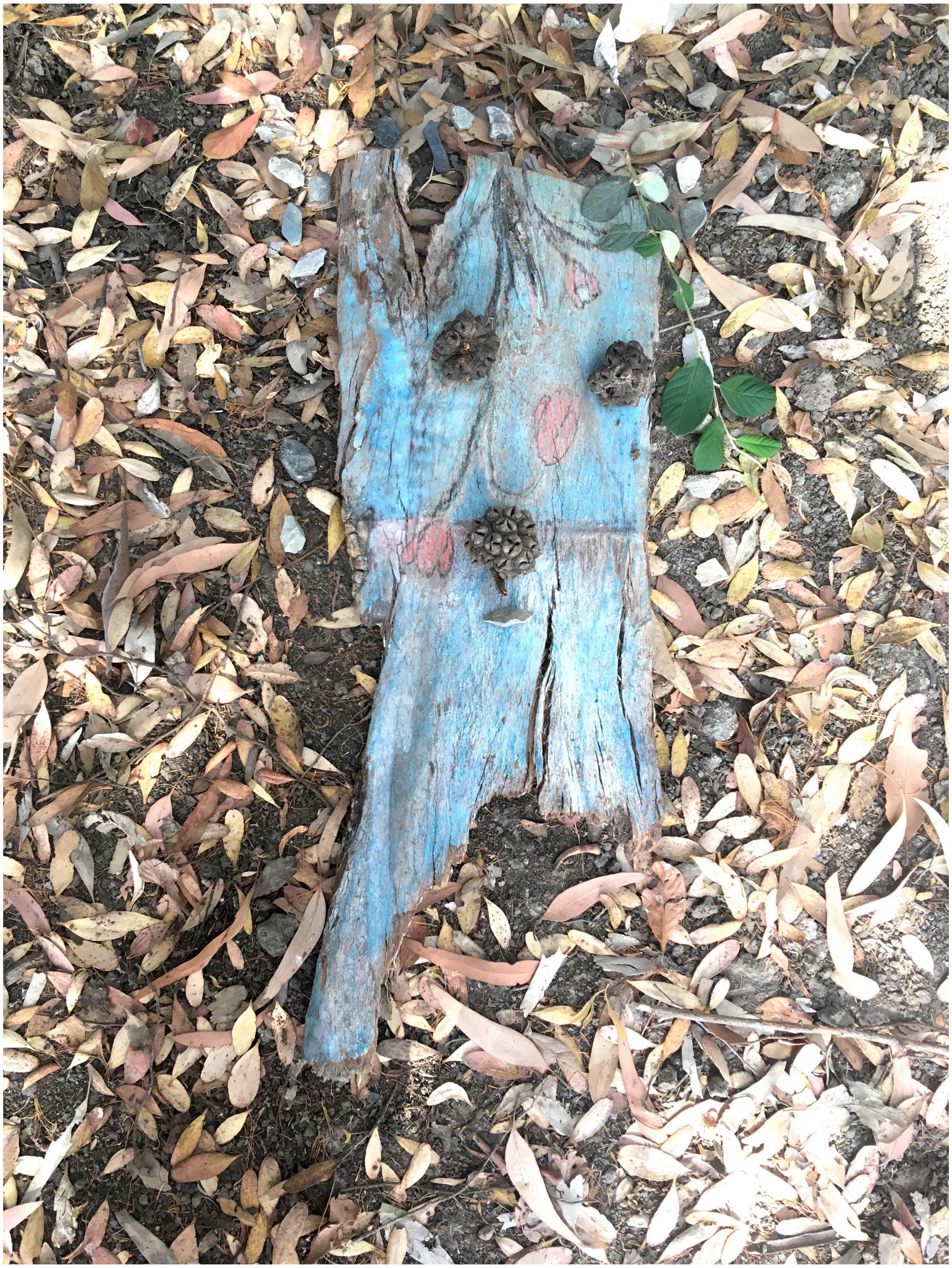
Day 16 - Music, lyrics and sound shifts "stuff". Chanting puts you in a different head-and-heart space, helping you transcend creative blocks.

Today, create an original, personal chant. It doesn't need to be an original tune, but the words should inspire you to get over yourself and just let GO! Document and add to your journal. - Document your thoughts.

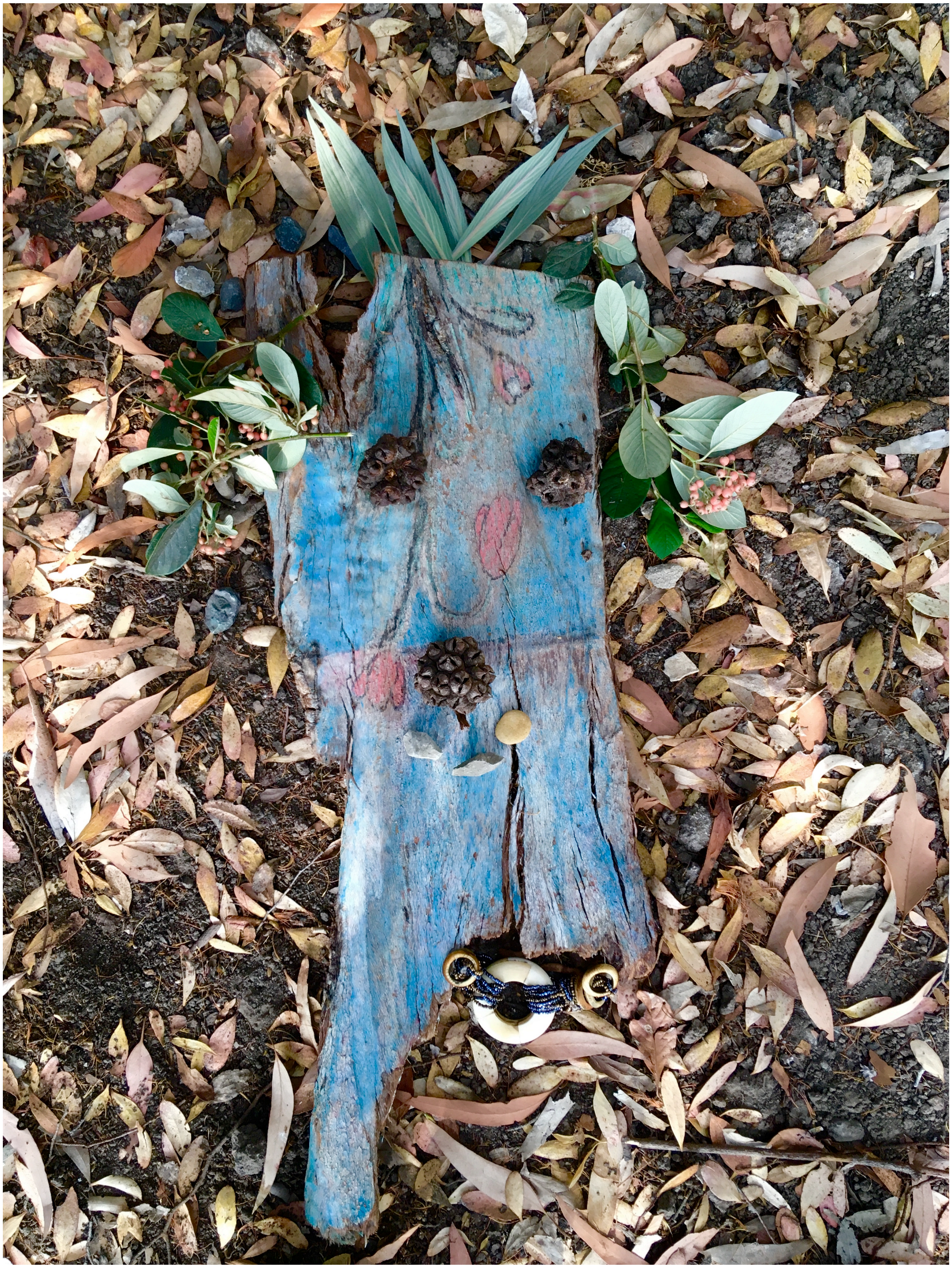
My 30 day challenge occurs in a shorter time span than 30 days, so I set the intention to record a song a day in search of a new chant. This is in a separate file folder. I missed one day because I was simply too sick. I am discovering through this that having one thing one does every day, is difficult, but when one just manages to do it, there is a certain relief and celebration at keeping this commitment to oneself.

https://soundcloud.com/dylanmariepuu/sets/i-am-john-kalani-puus-grandaughter-30-day-challenge

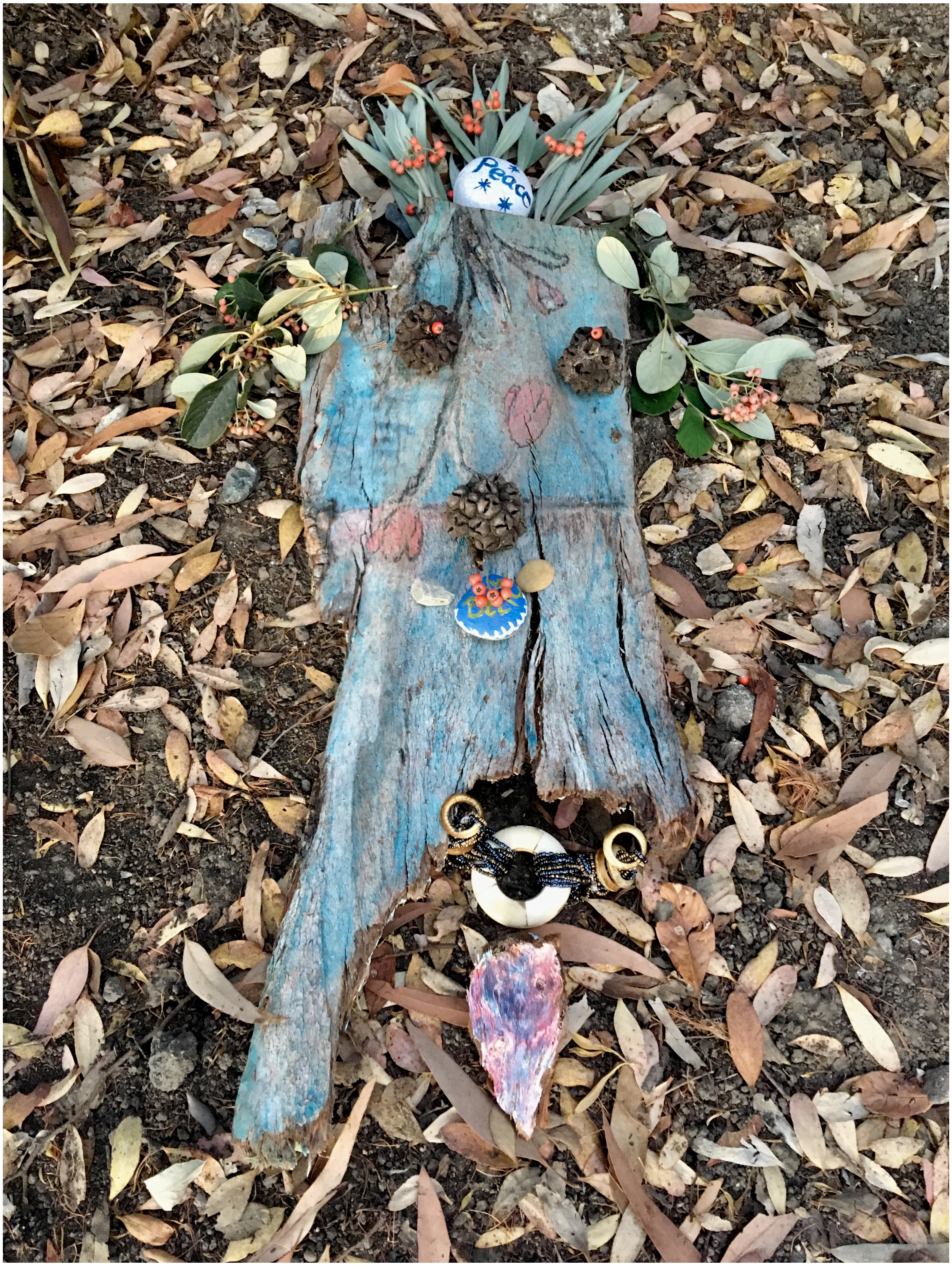
Day 17 - 20– Design a Mask



Who am I behind my mask? I am found bark painted by one who was here before me, I am three fallen seed pods, a sliver of a pebble for speech, a lone green bit of greenery, I am alive, I am the earth, I am mother.



I grow hair by way of sage green bits of leaves, my smile grows to three pebbles and my throat chakra is adorned with a bit of decoration ripped from a dress discovered in the donation bin. I am quite ill during the three mask days, and I feel feverish accomplishment at this ritual, of retreating into the bushes, to consider this mask, to sit on my stump situated close to the graveyard, sucking in Wifi that is there and then it is not.



It is in the morning, sitting in the sun, that I seize the last bit for my mask, rocks, painted by someone who was here before me, peace in my head dress, love from my mouth, another found bit of painted bark for my throat. I like this mask, it is goofy, like me, it expresses my love of nature, and my values.

Day 21 - Grab your camera – today you're filming 15-30 seconds of FUN.

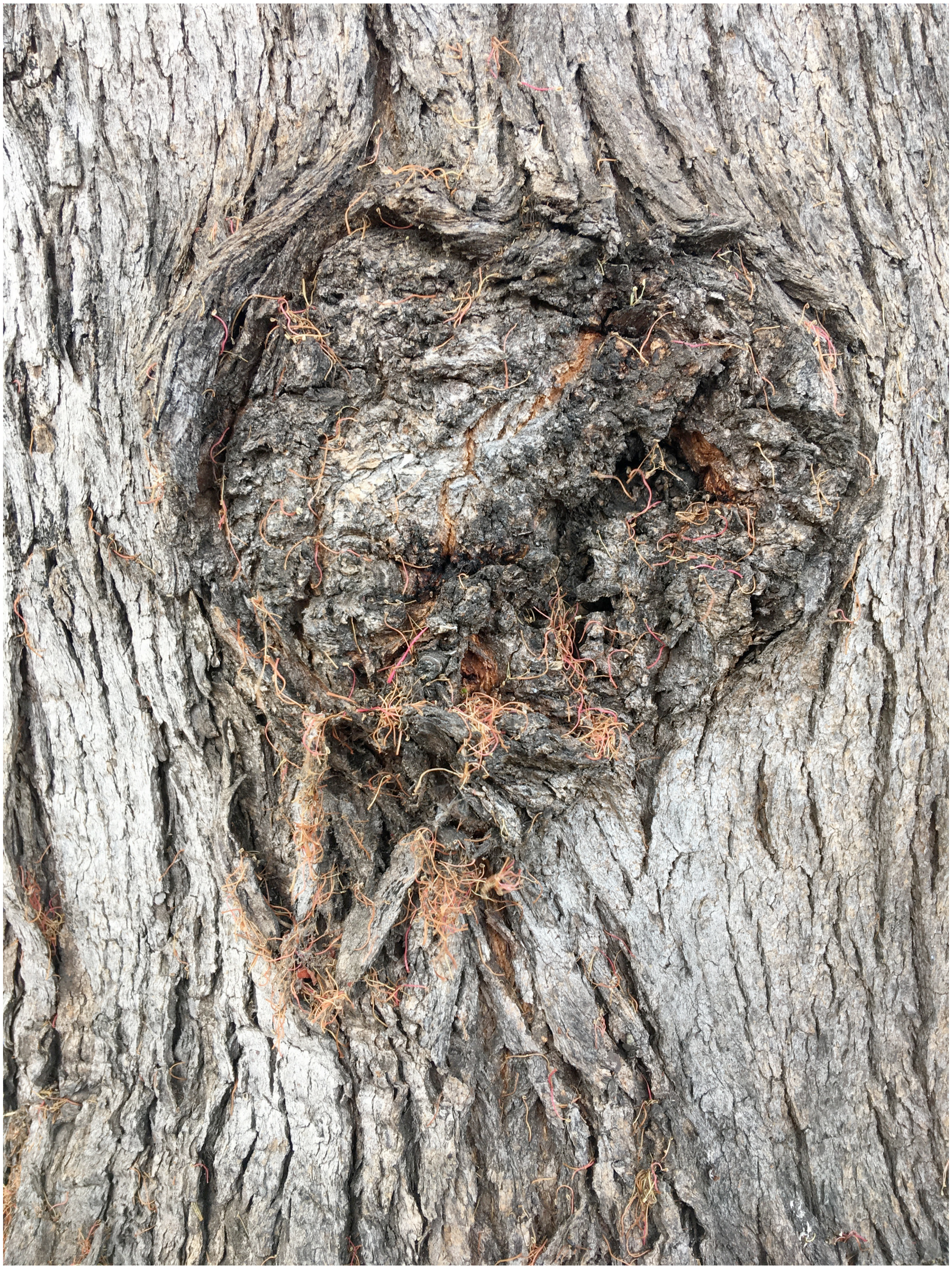
Fun is something that evades me of late with the gravity of all I am considering. I imagine many things and adventure into nature several times as I keep my word, if you want to work on the relationship, then yes. Fun finds me unaware, scuffing leaves, and I welcome this, and eye the hula hoop in the backyard.

Click on the movie icon

Click on the movie icon

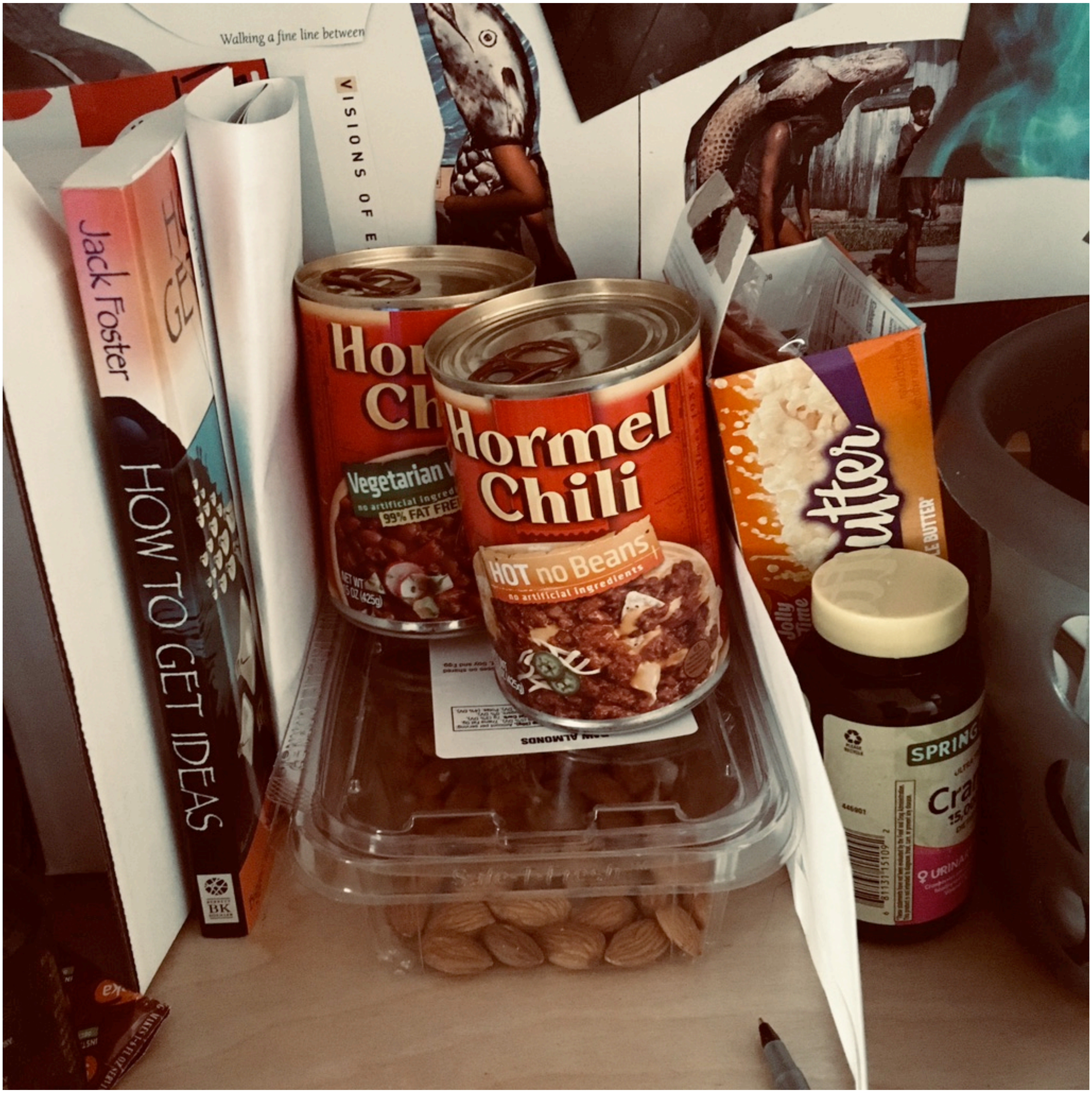
Day 22 - Look around you for proof that love heart symbols exist everywhere – it is just a matter of seeing them. They are in the clouds, in shadows, in leaves, in jewelry, in reflections, on clothes, on TV, and even in birthmarks! Document as many as you find using photos. - Document your thoughts.

Hearts, this carries and spans across several days, and grounds me into what is a regular ritual for me, looking for hearts. This is definitely too much information, but I assume, this is just a wash for the teacher, is my guess. I even found a heart on a stain on my undergarments from the UTI infection and gosh, did that make me laugh. Yellow heart crotch, my urinary tract system saying, love me, tend me, seek for answers why you tend to get these.

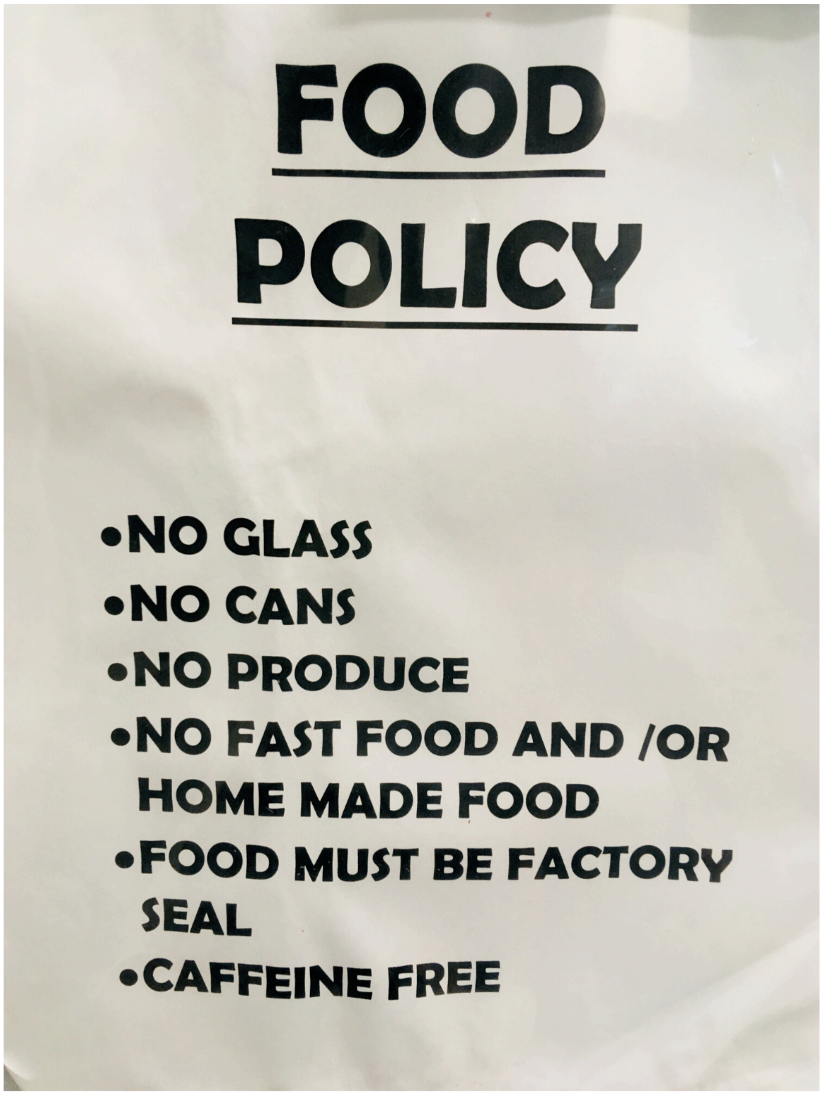


Day 23-25 - Scan the supermarket shelves for a product(s) you've never bought (or used) before. Purchase that item, take it home, and cook a brand spanking new recipe with it. Photograph the product in its box/bottle before you use it.

Photograph the cooking. Photograph your final dish. Document your thoughts.


Walking a fine line between
VISIONS OF E
Jack Foster
HOW TO GET IDEAS
Hormel Chili
Vegetarian
no artificial ingredients
99% FAT FREE
Hormel Chili
HOT no Beans
no artificial ingredients
Butter
Jolly Time
SPRING
Cran
URINARY

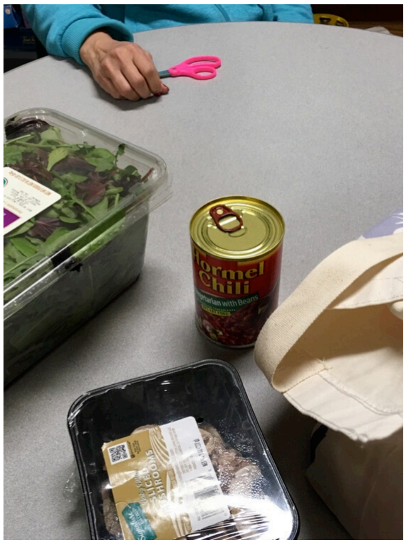
Right now, with this state I am in, this disability, working linearly is not physically possible, and I find, somehow, the work is making itself. I heard a fellow client bemoaning the lack of real food. He was craving chili. I went to the store and bought four cans. I did not know his favorite brand, and he was disappointed, and I apologized. He went somewhere new. He determined he likes the vegetarian, but doesn’t like the spicy meat. I don’t eat meat, generally, especially after meeting this amazing cow in Ireland. The animals there are, well, different. I had a very sacred experience with this cow and sang and talked to the cow for an hour. The woman who owned Carrygerry House said, it has been a long time since someone has sung to a cow. It inspired the other people at the B&B to talk to the cows. The cows didn't really pay them much attention. Yes, I am weird, animals come to me when I sing, and I have no idea why. So, this comes up in my make a meal meditation.



FOOD

POLICY

- NO GLASS
- NO CANS
- NO PRODUCE
- NO FAST FOOD AND /OR HOME MADE FOOD
- FOOD MUST BE FACTORY SEAL
- CAFFEINE FREE



Hormel Chili

I have the flu at the time, I am nauseous, I feel like throwing up. Another woman comments, it is the same for her. I think it might actually be the UTI infection and I hope the 4th round of anti-biotics will help restore balance. When I am able to find my way online, yes, it is more likely the kidney infected as well in that everyone else's symptoms cleared in a day.

There are rules here. One of the rules is not use of cameras or video. I explain it is for my creativity class. Everyone breaks rules, and it is a process of discovery, some of the male clients have been harassing the female clients for money. I learned the hard way, you just don't do this with people you don't know, and after doing it once, decided not to. Then I discovered, this is against the rules. Very large on the refrigerator is a sign that says no fresh food.

I archive the process, recording my thoughts. I wonder how I can cut the carrot up smaller with out a knife and try a small pair of child sized scissors. They don't work, so I simply break the carrot up in smaller chunks. I say "I'm sorry" as I toss the chili can. I stand and film the chili in the microwave for five minutes, talking to myself. I enjoy breaking the household rules of no filming, of not bringing in fresh food. I go outside to eat alone, under the night sky, working on two assignments at once. My intention is to eat mindfully. I am so triggered by the trip to court that I have a very difficult time, as I do, being present with the night sky. I am afraid of the night right now, and set the intention to go out.

How is this impacting me?

I am in a harmonic creative flow, and in my element, I am discovering things about myself, and tiny miracles are showing up.

Day 26-27: "Urban Explorer" *Rev your awareness meter up a notch by stepping out in your community, and let every single detail sink into your consciousness. People-watching, architecture, wild and domestic animals, plant-life... every element plays its part in making a community tick. Make a list or document it with photos, then create a collage of what your community means to you. Photograph or video to document. Document your thoughts.*

My urban explorer experience was intuitive, instinctual, and I did this sooner rather than later. The universe took care of me as I meandered off, in a state of shock, feeling the pain at the revelation that this might truly be it. My heart is burning and I trek with way too much stuff, a vagabond, my blanket, my homework, my tools, my hat, my ukulele, the intention is to go to nature. Valerie calls me, out of the blue, she just comes to me and picks me up, listens to me, tells me I am the most mentally well human she knows in the community and we decompress. I tell her EVERYTHING and the shock registers on her face, and I wonder, will this shift things. But no, her family cares for me, this is community coming to me without asking as does the appearance of a small owl, tending my soul.

I am depleted to the bone from way too many losses in too short of time: my brother, my sister, a best friend, a job, my cat.

I am depleted to the bone from the advocacy work.

I am depleted to the bone attempting to figure out how I am going to support myself.

I am depleted to the bone because the dance company I co-founded, that came out of my 18 years of effort as a previous one, has been ripped from me and I've been booted out.

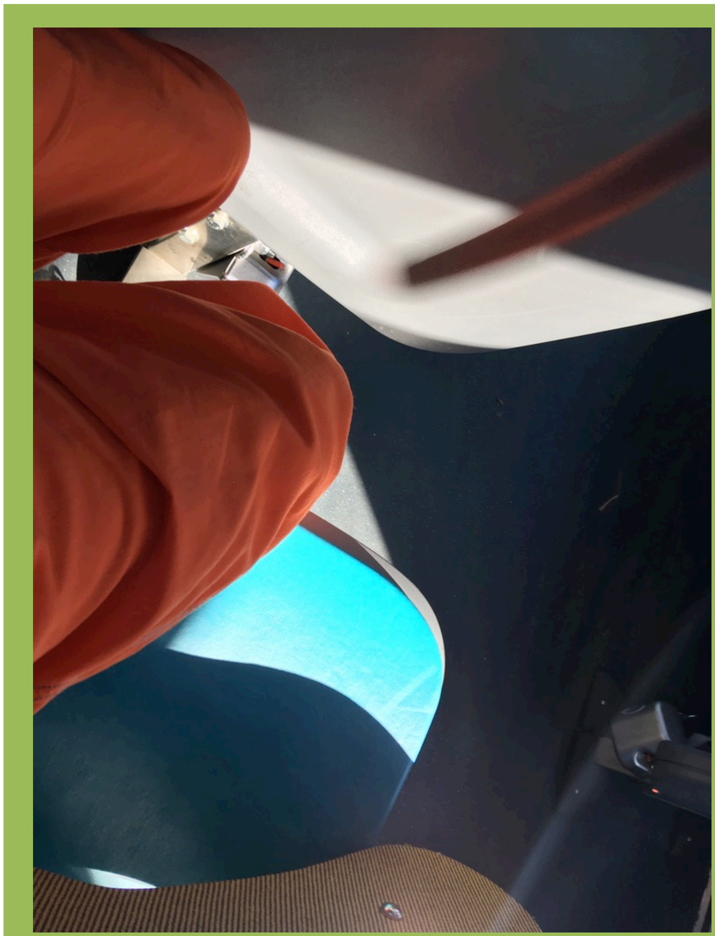
So many things and my body just eases into the experience grateful for this creativity exercise. To focus on community at a time when I could easily sink inwards and wall the whole world off.

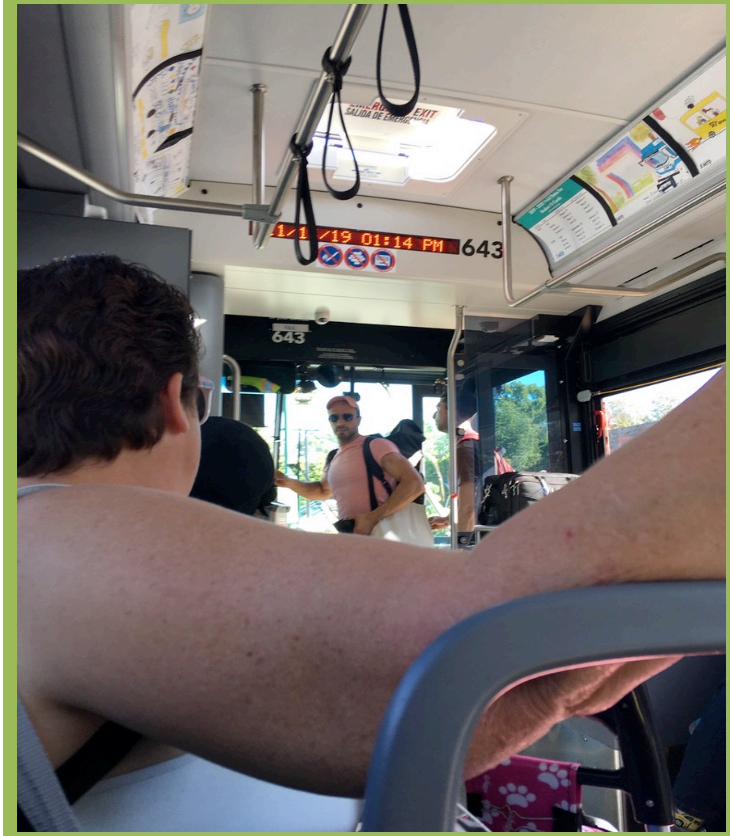
I think, I once had a car, now I am on the bus. Now I am actually in alignment with my desire to lessen my carbon footprint. I see others on the bus, are they my community? Yes, they are my community of bus riders with varying degrees of ability and age. I am glad, my grey hair gets me a senior rate. I trudge back to my old neighborhood and head for the oaks, for the hawks, I am seeking nature, but I am picked up by compassion, support, we won't let you do this alone. I am too depleted to think about what comes next. I feel calm, I feel like I can do this, I feel like I have outgrown this human, and while he decides whether he wants to work on the relationship or not, a condition actually of 28 years, never publically acknowledging us as partners, I commit to moving on. I'll go home, to rest, to gather, to regenerate but am also open to the unexpected. I need support right now. An image of a python, a power animal comes to me, and I welcome its support, I welcome the support of all the animals that have been coming to me. This is my community. The birds, the trees, the hawks, the small children, the stuffed animals but slowly I begin to trust. The caged bird is considering flight.

I want movement, I use an app that brings me so much happiness on my phone. It is a simple app, so simple to use, it isn't complicated, and you let the phone help decide how things should go rather than control things. Community. Community. Community. I remake this and pare back and shed those who are fair weather friends. I welcome the next phase. Who am I community? Who are you I ask in my nomadic phase of transition.

As I return to this, I realize, community has supported me through this turbulent time. Not the people I expected, but unexpected angels.

How is this impacting me? This challenge is causing me to consider things I wouldn't consider in my day to day usual rhythm and making it glaringly obvious, to spite my self-perception of being an open person, I do get into ruts. I set the intention to always integrate challenges.

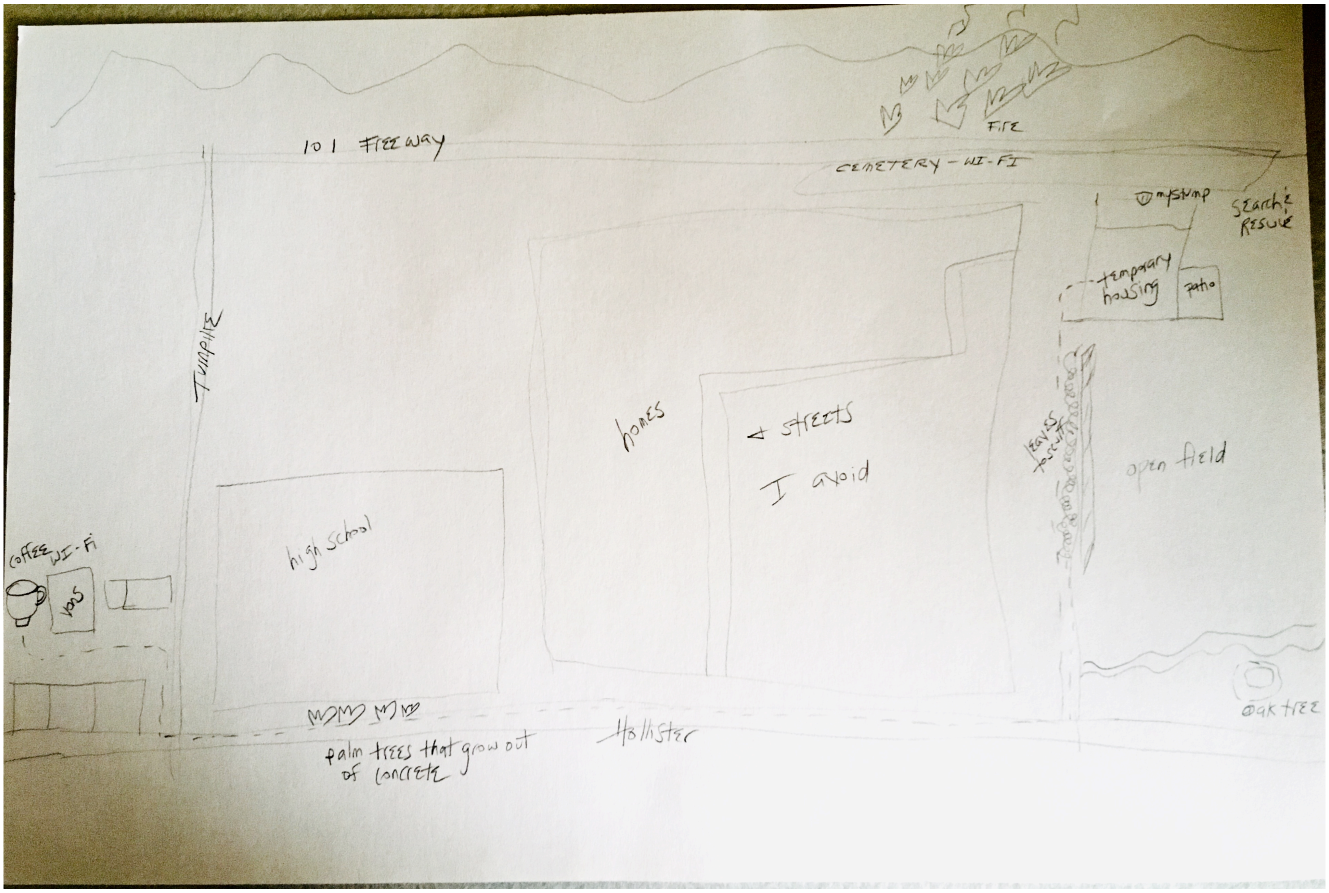



EXIT
SALIDA DE EMERGENCIA
1/1 /19 01:14 PM
643
643

.85 cent rides rounding up to a buck

the bus driver sees I need help, he helps

Day 28: Create a "map" from your house to your place of work or school or favorite store. You can create this map 2D, 3D (using any medium or material) or writing a poem, haiku or short story. Document your 2D/3D with a photo. Document your thoughts.


FIRE
101 FREEWAY
CEMETERY - WI-FI
mystump
Search & Resue
temporary housing
patio
Turnpike
homes
+ streets I avoid
leaves to scuff
open field
high school
coffee WI-FI
Vons
palm trees that grow out of concrete
Hollister
oak tree

I am happy to sit down and use the simplest of tools, too fatigued in the moment for embellishment. I choose a gifted large piece of paper. I choose a pencil. I sketch. I sketch the fire I saw on the hillside, the smoke, and wondered at how it happened to be exactly above where I am staying. I imagine old stuff burning away. I think of the animals. I think of how swiftly one can create attachments, or fondness with a location. The color of leaves I find along the way. The ridiculous way the palm trees grow out of the cement. The fabulous nature of this coffee shop that offers wi-fi. The workers who seem a bit snarky at times for purchasing only a drink and I wipe the snarkiest free from my mind. I am not sure where to put the hawks in the sky I see.

How is this impacting me?

I am surprised how much I enjoy the notion of making a map, and as I walk to and from the coffee shop, I find myself looking for more detail, for grazing old sights like old friends. I find myself playing. Scuffling with the leaves.

Day 29: Listen to a very different type of music that you are used to. If you only listen to acid rock you might want to try opera. Listen to at least three different songs form that genre. Name your favorite music type/genre and list what you are trying new. Name the three new songs. Document your thoughts!

I don’t have a favorite type of music, or do I? I love songwriting, stuff with lyrics, so perhaps listen to something without lyrics. I used to hate acid rock as a kid. Perhaps go back to this. Or sound that is just noise

My favorite genre: my own style I suppose, because I love singing so much – Contemporary Hawaiian Chant/rap/folk?

Metallica: this came to me by chance, with a client sitting and watching an old video. I never connected with this type of music as a child and sat to watch and found myself appreciating it from an entirely new perspective. The first song, synchronistically, was called sanitarium, the second long island. I will seek out another band in this. I loved the hair, I loved the energy, I loved that it was set in a graveyard and the title of the album, and I was surprised at how relaxing it was. I don’t have a favorite genre of music in that I simply love music and set as an intention allowing this to be the next area where I welcome growth. I decide I will grow my hair long so I can fling it with my Uke. At night, I watch Metallica: Creeping Death (Vienna, Austria – August 16, 2019). I have fond memories of Vienna. What a show! Still together after all these years. Back in the day, the ultra right wing community labeled such stuff as “demonic.” Ha, ha, ha. So different I think to myself, than the art of intimate performance ritual/theater of the contemporary dancer, sometimes with a performance for one, in a studio, as few as 35 in Istanbul, or a lucky hit at a college of 350. Old farts still at it. How did I become an old farting hippie myself? So quickly? I watch another, In Prague, The Day That Never Comes and enjoy the acoustic quality, note by note, a simple line. I feel the percussionist inside of me energized and wonder, am I too old to go back to tablas studies. Could my mind manage this brief beginning? I think I want to go to a Mettalica concert. Okay, it gave me a headache, but what a ride!

Country: A second chance opportunity arises. The PHF has been evacuated, and a person I got to know there is here. He had told me of his favorite singers and we sit and listen together to Lynn Anderson and then another old country singer. I lose myself in the happiness of the music and the happiness of this peculiar connection. I set the intention to learn a song or two on the uke. Can I do this?

How is this impacting me? It is opening me up to fresh and new considerations. I am aware of ruts and how simply mixing it up can shake us up out of ruts. It shakes up all of my old ruts, such as Thanksgiving. For years, decades even, we’ve gone to where my co-habitator has wanted to go. Old family friends, where I never really felt valued, seen, heard, not entirely. They are affiliated with the old holy roller churches I abandoned in my late 20s and with that the associations of a lot of old wounds. My co-habitator has decided he wants to work on the relationship, he misses me, and I find myself wanting to go home, to the comfort of my art room, my rhythm of making and playing. This Thanksgiving, when my co-habitator asks if I can come to Thanksgiving to, the answer is no. Old wounds. Ruts, deciding, if old family friends can’t support me in a difficult time, well, my intuition was always right, don’t bother any more. Just let go. So, I suppose with this co-habitator, we will develop different holiday rituals. I will seek out family that loves me and accepts me no matter what. I am open to new connections. I let go of this rut. I let my heart feel the old wound and know this will stave off depression, the weight I had begun to feel. Why is it I don’t remember our Thanksgivings? I do remember pies, making pies, but I don’t actually remember sitting down to dinners when I was a kid. Who did I create to house Thanksgiving memories. I send love into this part of me.

Day 30: Write down 10 things you’re truly grateful for. They don’t have to be big things — just simple, everyday pleasures that make you feel happy. Then spend a few minutes reflecting on your list. Using any medium (color pencils, crayons, paint, magazine cuttings), create an abstract image reflecting your happy feeling. You'll soon find yourself feeling much happier in life and more open to noticing opportunities.

My breath, my lungs

Resiliency, the fact that the body is resilient

That I have the capacity to Love Myself and have prioritized with spiritual/soul/art growth and cultivating compassion

I had a holding tank for 28 years to heal, I feel whole enough, I am open to a new container, I am open to working, I am just open.

I am grateful for mother nature, the sea, the mountains, trees, animals, I am grateful for all of this.

I am grateful for Ticht Naht Hahn and how mindfulness has been such a saving grace.

I am grateful for all of the adventures I've had so far, the many places I've travelled.

I am grateful for my sister Leilani, that she is back in my life.

I am grateful for Crestwood, this temporary home, and all of the people here, the support, and sink into the awareness that this is perhaps the first functional temporary home I have lived in. Home is where my body is, I bring my breath home to my body.

I am grateful for poetry, not that I read much, but life, for me is poetry, and I am grateful for life, and move forwards sinking deep into the present moment.

What am I discovering?

In the morning, when I first wake up, it is difficult to access awareness of gratitude. I am curious about that.

Day 17

I've actually done the assignments in a shorter period of time and I continue on to make this a 30 day challenge by continuing on with tasks. I add walking one lap in the morning around the concrete slab in the backyard and taking a piece of chalk to draw something. I continue with the recording a day. I observe what my body is hungry for, and go back to drawing from life once a day. I want to keep this for awhile. I continue with listening to the Stress Proof the Brain Series.

Challenge: run around the court, day one. Record your thoughts, record your sketch.

I am inspired by a story of Rowena, how good she looks, and a challenge, to run just one mile from home. Well I can't run a mile from home because I am not home yet, but I can run one lap around the court, in the morning, and make a small sketch with chalk. I return to drawing from life daily. I shift my photo focus to the Yule tree.

What am I learning from this?

Rituals and habits are anchors, healthy anchors. As I listen to myself sing, in this 30 day challenge, and enormous amount of shame and guilt and worthlessness surfaces. I set the intention to shift and heal this. I let go of the root. I choose to not hang on. I choose to give this aspect of me self-compassion. I am listening to a song of the 60s, so it must associate with this time period. I heal the 60s inside of me.

I am on Day 18, and I've managed all the 30 days. I set the intention to continue with this, but submit the final now in order to give energy to other classes. I set the intention to have a Part Two, but don't give myself too much grief if I just let go.

Day 18

Day 19

Day 20

Day 21

Day 22

Day 23

Day 24

Day 25

Day 26

Day 27

Day 28

Day 29

Day 30